The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

June 21, 1924

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

Expediency vs. Principles in Parties

WE have been looking about for expedients and policies and have not been looking about for principles. If you want me to bid against you for a popular policy I will probably resort to the expedient of matching your bid if I think it is a good one; but if I happen to be restrained by certain knowledge of what happened once before, I may choose differently and by a longer measurement. . . . Although I may not assist my party to win at the next election by such a course, it is sure thereby to win at some election. . . .

If you want to win at an election which occurs to-morrow probably you haven't time to remind your fellow countrymen of the abiding principles upon which they should act; but if you form the habit of basing your advice upon definite principles you will presently gain a permanent following such as you could not possibly have gained upon any bidding for popularity by mere expedients.

Woodrow Wilson.

(From an address delivered in 1909.)

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

QUOTING CALVIN COOLIDGE

A CORRESPONDENT asks us why we print quotations from Calvin Coolidge upon our cover page so often, and if we are for him for President.

We quote from him because he says something we think it important to emphasize, as we have quoted from Woodrow Wilson and shall quote from other Democrats paragraphs expressing the great ideas of brotherhood, service and faith for which we stand.

We are not for Mr. Coolidge for President editorially, nor against him. Personally we are like ten of thousands of people who respect parties, note their service, but refuse to take orders.

Editorially we are for the President as President, and for Congress as Congress, and for the Supreme Court, whenever we can be. To us it seems not at all inconsistent to try to hold up the hands of the Government which at the time is carrying the load. This does not mean that we have no principles, but that we think the President and the Government ought to be regarded as the Government of us all and not of a party, and that we ought to press steadily for the principles of brotherhood with any Congress and any President.

To us it was a dreadful thing for Mr. Coolidge to sign the immigration bill, with its affront to Japan, and an inspiring thing for him to step forth on Decoration Day at Arlington and argue for the only kind of World Court we stand any chance of getting.

We say both things quite frankly and shall say similar things of the Presidents of every party.

We love Mr. Coolidge for some of the enemies he has made and some of the things he has suffered from the bosses who sneer at him and thwart him.

We would have liked to see him dictate about a six-line platform and tell the Cleveland Convention quietly to take it or to get some other candidate.

We'd like to see the Democrats positive about the oil scandals but fair, and to see them nominate a man whose ability and character would in themselves constitute a platform independents could support.

We'd like to see the La Follette third party, if it comes, do the same.

We do not share the fears of some people at the growth of an independent spirit. It means the growth of intelligence and of moral earnestness, two things indispensable if free government is to succeed.

Blocs may be an incident of the revolt against party government, and blocs concerned about the interests of a group rather than the interests of the country may be evil, but that which created them will cure these evils.

We as a country are not necessarily through with party government, but we are approaching the time when the work of the party dictator will be done. Intelligence and idealism will see to that.

"The good of all," "the highest good," "the interests of the entire country," "the welfare of every class"—these are phrases we hear more frequently in political affairs.

To the increase of the spirit which can see the good of all, instead of the good of a part, we dedicate ourselves.

Where Coolidge or Carter Glass or John W. Davis or La Follette or anybody else represents that spirit we shall be for them to that extent.

And we shall urge Christians to be up and doing in politics, to take their share of the hardship, do their part of the work and to put the spirit of Christ into the politics of the country and the world.

* *

GEORGE F. BAKER OF NEW YORK

GEORGE F. BAKER has just given five million dollars as a permanent endowment of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

In the past six years, this former two dollar a week grocery clerk has made public benefactions of which the following are the largest:

Red Cross (for war purposes)	$ 2,000,000
Cornell University	2,000,000
Metropolitan Museum of Art	1,000,000
New York Hospital	750,000
Columbia University (for Baker Field)	700,000
Museum of Natural History	250,000
Teachers' College	100,000
Morgan Hall	100,000
Harvard University	5,000,000
Total	$11,900,000

With Henry Ford, Andrew D. Mellon and John D. Rockefeller he is rated as one of the four wealthiest

men in the country—his personal fortune amounting to upward of $300,000,000.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, chairman of the committee raising $10,000,000 for Harvard, had to withhold the announcement until Mr. Baker was in mid-Atlantic.

The School of Business Administration is to train for business, but not in the narrow sense in which the words are usually used.

President Lowell said immediately upon the announcement of this gift: "A professional education for business does not mean education merely in technicalities, which, although important, are secondary compared to the vision and broad intelligence involved in leadership in promoting the material prosperity of mankind."

The Harvard School is attempting to give business the same advantages enjoyed by students preparing for the so-called learned professions.

The practical advantage to the world is that there will be prepared a great body of men with mental grasp enough to analyze situations like that following the World War, in which most of our business men groped around so helplessly.

The school will likewise try to put into the students the highest ideals of honor and public service.

It is interesting to find a man of eighty-four so generous and so wise. Like most big givers, he deals with humanity in the mass rather than with the individual, and goes into the field of causes rather than results.

After all there are not many ways in which dollars go farther than when applied to some form of education, using the word in its broadest sense.

A large number of our people may question the justice of a system which makes these enormous fortunes possible. None can question the integrity of Mr. Baker. Few will question the wisdom he has exhibited in making it possible for Harvard to do a larger work for the country and for mankind.

* *

A MAN'S JOB

WHEN the nominating conventions are over and the citizens have some one to vote for, will they vote? Speaking for a majority of them the answer is in the negative. "Less than fifty per cent of the entire electorate of the country exercise the privilege of casting their ballots in a general election." The question is, Why? Are the people entirely indifferent to the welfare of the country, so engrossed in eating and drinking, money-making and merry-making, that they will not take time to form an intelligent opinion as to who should make the laws and administer them and what kind of laws should be made? To gain the privilege of voting our forefathers made immense sacrifices. "With a great sum obtained I this citizenship." Why do we value so lightly what has cost so much?

The explanation, or at least one explanation, is this: The majority of the people have come to realize that they are puppets in the hands of the professional politicians, and it does not seem to them worth while to bob around and go through the motions of citizenship because some one else pulls a string. The people of the United States really have about as much to say concerning their officials, from dog-catcher to President, as the babies in one of our foundling asylums—very little more.

Let a citizen in any community earnestly and conscientiously try to exert some influence to determine who shall be nominated and elected to a certain office. He finds in charge of all this business a "ring," composed of men who have personal ends to gain and have therefore been giving time and energy to the task. The conscientious citizen tries to break into this ring. Possibly he succeeds, only to find that there is a ring within the ring, and then a ring within the inner ring. Will he be admitted into the innermost ring? Not unless he is willing to pay a very heavy price, in time, energy and money. The average citizen can not pay this price, so he stays out—and because the inner ring has determined everything in advance, and the citizen feels that it will make small difference which particular self-seeking ring he votes to put in power, he does not vote at all.

That is the secret of the wide-spread indifference to the exercise of the franchise.

What is the remedy?

Obviously, other rings. Good citizens must form their own rings, made up of men and women who have the real interest of the country at heart. The statement that truth and righteousness are mighty and must prevail is false. Evil with a well-organized company of men behind it will trample good into the mud, if the good has no devoted and disciplined advocates. The good citizen should not only vote when there is a good man to vote for, he should unite with other good citizens, long before election day, to see that there shall be a good man to vote for. It is time for good citizens to stop sneering at politics and politicians and go into training, not for the election of 1924, but for that of 1928. The Congress recently adjourned is admittedly about the most contemptible of any in our history. The next one does not promise to be much better. But the next after that can be better, ought to be better, and it will spell shame to every "good" citizen among us if he does not begin now to exert himself, and continue to exert himself, at whatever cost of time, energy and personal inconvenience, to that end.

If we are ever going to overcome organized, disciplined and entrenched evil, we shall have to do it by organizing, disciplining and entrenching the good.

All of which is a man's job.

F. O. H.

* *

A SERMON ON DR. FELTON

A SERMON with several heads might be preached on Dr. Felton and his discovery.

First, what is it? It is the discovery of a method of treating one of four known forms of pneumonia which bids fair to be highly successful and to extend to the treatment of the other forms.

Diseases caused by micro-organisms tend to create in the blood of the patient minute chemical substances hostile to the diseases and known as anti-bodies. These anti-bodies exist in the serum of the blood in which pneumonia germs exist or have existed.

Dr. Lloyd D. Felton, of the Department of Preventive Medicine and Hygiene of the Harvard Medical School, working with the Influenza Commission of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, took serum from horses infected with pneumo cocci (or germs of pneumonia as laymen would say) and isolated the anti-bodies so that he got them finally in the form of a white powder. This powder is introduced into patients to add to their own anti-bodies and strengthen their resistance to disease.

It was first tested on mice and then on human beings with remarkable results.

What then is our sermon?

First: "God has yet more truth to break forth out of His holy word." These pioneers are laborers with God. Preventive medicine is religious. Doctors like Felton exhibit the life of God in the soul of man.

Second: "Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good." We don't war directly on innumerable pneumonia germs. We immunize the patient. As Peabody worked it out in his "New Therapeutics," morally and physically we can substitute good for evil.

Third: Dr. Felton did not conceal his discovery, patent it, or try to make money out of it. True to the ideals of his profession, he placed it freely at the service of humanity. This is both a test of a so-called cure and a witness to our faith in the divinity of man.

Fourth: He employed vivisection. By employing it, he has saved innumerable generations of horses as well as of men. We are to love God with our minds as well as with our hearts.

Fifth: The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is a huge corporation—not soulless but working to lengthen human life.

Unquestionably sixthly and seventhly will suggest themselves. We are not sure, however, that our five will pass muster in homiletics.

We are sure that what we have said is true, that it is cheering, that it reflects credit on man and so adds to the glory of God. We are sure that it is worth telling about from the pulpit.

We are sure that the story illustrates the spirit in which Church work ought to be done.

* *

WATER IN THE DESERT

WE were crossing what, from the car window, looked like a hopeless desert; and yet a pamphlet distributed by a booster town in Utah told us that only fifteen feet below the surface was an inexhaustible supply of pure water, and that, by a very little systematic work, the apparent desert soon becomes fertile fields of alfalfa, and the dunes of sage brush are replaced by thriving ranches and prosperous towns.

The next day we visited some old time Universalists, who for fifteen years had been out of touch with the church of their heart. Their sentiment was, "Universalism has outlived its usefulness, has shot its bolt, has accomplished its purpose, etc."—you know the argument.

The result with these old-timers is just like that of the desert ranger.

First we showed them that in order to get any good thing, work must be done. We got them to begin work at once by buying stock in an organization already accomplishing results. Stock was for sale in Sunday schools, local and national churches, colleges, Japan missions, and denominational publications. They bought, and immediately became interested. Then they began to question, and the more they questioned, the deeper their interest.

Even as on the desert ranch, the more they pump, the greener becomes the field.

What we need is more men and women to go out and tell those old friends, and many new friends yet unknown, about the abundant supply of happiness and Christian wealth that lies unseen about them. Get them to make an investment in either labor or dollars, and not only will their eyes be opened to the possibilities of the liberal Church, but our problem of national churches, Japanese homes, college endowments and church growth will be solved.

J. M. T.

* *

LETTING HATE DIE

Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy writes an interesting letter to the *Christian World* in London on "The War Mind in America." For example, he says: "A man I met, a generous supporter of foreign missions, had attended a service where Miss Maude Royden preached during her visit last year. I asked him his impressions. He had no impressions. He had been so excited by a fury which still burnt into his mind, because Miss Royden had said something about letting hate die."—*Christian Register.*

THIS is about the last word in inconsistency.

This generous supporter of foreign missions is the kind who thinks his money is going to make the whole world salute the American flag, eat pie with a knife and wear pants.

Of the Germans he recites the imprecatory Psalms, especially, "Happy shall he be who taketh thy little ones and dasheth them against a stone."

What Christian denomination in America would be willing to claim him?

He is not a Universalist, we are confident. If he is we are in for a heresy trial ourselves.

* *

CATHOLICS AND MASONS BREAK BREAD

IN Greenwich, Conn., the *Outlook* tells us, "seven hundred members of the Freemasons and the Knights of Columbus sat down at a joint dinner in the Masonic Temple." And the *Outlook* adds, "Other towns and cities please copy."

Greenwich is inhabited by intelligent people. They are in contact with men and events. They have understanding. That is why bigotry can not flourish there.

As Victor Hugo said, our job is "to flood the world with light."

* *

THE LONG LOOK AHEAD

WE make a mistake in getting discouraged if we don't do everything in a minute.

Whether it be a World Court or a new church needed in a strategic place by one small denomination, things worth while take time.

That is why we like the five year financial campaign of our Church. It is a long look ahead.

Cruising Around These United States

XXVI Our Own Mount Auburn

John van Schaick, Jr.

MEMORIAL DAY is given first of all to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War. Following hard on is the reverence and devotion we feel for the living and the dead of the Great War so recently ended. And at this season all who have lost relatives and friends make especial pilgrimages to their graves.

In the Universalist Church and in other Churches, the Sunday preceding May 30 is Memorial Sunday. On that day we commemorate not only the heroic dead of the nation but the faithful servants of the Church.

I was in Portland Memorial Sunday, and read the notice of services to be held the Sunday after Memorial Day at the grave of the Rev. Quillen H. Shinn, D. D., for him and for all other Universalist ministers of that region.

A few days ago I visited lovely Mount Auburn, the famous cemetery of the Greater Boston region, situated between Cambridge and Watertown just where Brattle Street, Cambridge, seems to come to an end.

I had always heard of Mount Auburn as the burial place of famous people, and when I got the list I saw that the reputation was more than justified.

Among the "noted dead" who lie there are Longfellow, Holmes, Julia Ward Howe and Samuel Gridley Howe, her husband, Agassiz, Prescott, Parkman, Jared Sparks, Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, William Ellery Channing, Minot Savage, Edwin Booth, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Josiah Royce, and a hundred others famous enough to go on to the list printed for visitors. They are names distinguished in science, literature and art, listed in biographical dictionaries, recognized by cultured people everywhere.

In this list are the names of two Universalist clergymen, John Murray and Hosea Ballou.

In the cemetery are twenty-five other Universalist clergymen, most of whose graves I visited. I give the names and the location of their graves for the benefit of other visitors:

John Murray, Central Square and Moss Path. Hosea Ballou, Central Ave. Hosea Ballou 2d, Lavender Path. Lucius R. Paige, Sorrel Path. Thomas Whittemore, Sorrel Path. John G. Adams, Lavender Path. Henry Bacon, Holly and Ivy Paths. Otis A. Skinner, Harebell Path. Clark R. Moor, Honeysuckle Path. T. B. Thayer, Central Ave. Sebastian Streeter, Harebell Path. Eben Francis, Cypress Ave. Henry S. White, Jasmine Path. Walter Balfour, Chester Ave. E. G. Brooks, Bellwort and Orange Paths. William Bell, not located. B. F. Bowles, Evergreen Path. W. G. Hanscom, not located. W. A. Start, Vesper Ave. Charles Biddle, Vesper Ave. Thomas J. Sawyer, Willow Ave., corner of Poplar Ave. M. C. Hawes, Oriole Path. William Shipman, Althea Path. J. H. Willis, Althea Path. Elmer H. Capen. George W. Bicknell. Mary L. Hadley.

My trip was made on one of the best days we had had in Boston. Great white clouds floated lazily over a deep blue sky, the warblers had arrived from the South and were pausing in their journey North, feeding on the buds of trees, the pansies because of the cold, wet spring were unusually large, and the tulips, the flowering shrubs and crab-apple trees made a brave show.

Going in we met the national president of the Order of Universalist Comrades in attendance upon a funeral. We saw Dr. Capen's grave to the right of the north entrance and then followed in on the main drive until we came to the statue of Hosea Ballou. With scriptures held in one arm, as he was seen so often in life, he stands there in marble—enduring marble, the orators put it, but it is not as enduring as the influence he exerted on theological thought or as enduring as the love in which he is held by the Universalist Church.

Only last week in Washington I talked to Mrs. Charlotte Merrill, now ninety-eight years old, to whose home in Concord he used to come and who often heard him preach. She is perfectly clear in her recollection of him. "He always made things so plain," she said. "He would ask a question and then answer it and we always understood him."

That unquestionably was characteristic. He knew "the Book." He was never at a loss on any Bible question. He was a Bible preacher. In a day when the theological climate had not begun to soften much he expounded the Bible, holding fast always to two principles which were the foundation stones of his philosophy—that God was both Powerful and Beneficent and that man was infinitely precious in His sight.

When we think of the goodly fellowship of liberal Christians to-day in the Christian Church, we ought to be proud of the part Hosea Ballou had in making them. The general progress of knowledge has been a mighty factor, to be sure, other great, brave voices like Channing and Bushnell have contributed, but without saying who was greatest in this work of the Kingdom we ought always to remember Father Ballou as a man whose "Treatise on the Atonement," "Notes on the Parables," editorials and sermons scattered far and wide, did a mighty part. Well may the authorities of Mount Auburn include him in the list of "noted dead."

A flowering tree near the grave was in full bloom. I touched it reverently as possibly a part of the "dust, earth and ashes" which made his earthly frame, and certainly it was a beautiful symbol of his influence, which is not hidden under ground, but is out in the light and beauty of this new day. The inscription on the monument reads: "Hosea Ballou, 1771-1852. Pastor of the Second Society of Universalists in Boston, 1817-1852. His wife, Ruth Washburn, 1778-1853."

Close by was Thomas B. Thayer, 1812-1886, Boston born, pastor in Lowell, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y., editor of the *Universalist Quarterly* and author of

"The Theology of Universalism" and a book of devotion and hope called "Over the River," which has survived his more ambitious efforts and is still cherished in our older Universalist families.

On out Central Avenue, near Central Square, is Moss Path, and here is the urn on a fluted pillar erected over the grave of John Murray,"at the recommendation of the United States Convention of Universalists."

"John Murray," runs the inscription, "Preacher of the Gospel. Born in Alton, England, Dec. 10, 1744. Died in Boston, September 3, 1815. Re-entombed beneath this stone, June 8, 1837." What buried history the name brings up! Because of him we had a Universalist Church through which Ballou could make his contribution. A generation before Ballou, many generations behind him in clear statement of the new theology, the two agreed in the character they ascribed to God, and this is the starting point for us all. With a sense of the leading of Divine Providence, with a disposition to trust and obey, with something of the faith of Abraham and all since his day who have gone out to a far country, with feeling and fervor, he is the central figure in the Murray-Potter drama enacted at Good Luck, which will loom steadily bigger in religious history. Here was the grave of the man who first preached in the little church at Murray Grove, who served Washington as a chaplain in the army, who made the historic Universalist church at Gloucester and ended his days in Boston.

The Murray-Sargent-Gilman House at Gloucester where Murray and his wife, Judith Sargent, lived, and the Murray Grove Association at Good Luck, N. J., where Murray landed on our shores, are perhaps our best memorials to John Murray, but the spot where his ashes lie will always be sacred to Universalists.

From Murray's grave we could look and just see Ballou through the trees, and when we had swung around west and back again and had reached the grave of Thomas Whittemore, once more we could see Ballou. Murray was the forerunner of Ballou. Whittemore was his spiritual son.

Whittemore is buried on high ground in a rather imposing lot. There is a bas-relief in marble on the monument reproducing the familiar features of the painting in the chapel of the Divinity School at Tufts College. "Born Jan. 1, 1800," twenty-nine years after Father Ballou. "Died March 21, 1861." Of his wife the monument says: "Lovice, wife of Thos. Whittemore, Nov. 27, 1801-Nov. 2, 1882." Of John M., lying close by, it is recorded, "Assistant Engineer of the U. S. Sloop Mohican, killed Nov. 7, 1861."

To Whittemore, the words "sturdy," "indefatigable," "positive," "bold," "plain," "uncompromising," "popular," are all applied. By the preaching of Ballou he was turned from a Calvinistic Baptist faith to Universalism. Once convinced, he was an apostle without rest. His long pastorate was at Cambridgeport, and his great service apart from that was as an editor and author.

We still turn with interest to his four volume life of Ballou, and read with sympathy his clarion blasts as editor, bold, defiant and witty. "Come-outer" though he was, he would have to be classified with the conservatives among us. When we read the story of Sylvanus Cobb we see how the two age-long theories of social reform clashed in these two men: "Make good Universalists and you do all the church need do for reform," said Whittemore. "If we are good Universalists, we will be positive and active for anti-slavery and temperance and against capital punishment," said Cobb. So for years the *Trumpet*, the theological journal of Whittemore, and the *Christian Freeman*, the reforming journal of Cobb, were published side by side.

Far, far away these old controversies seemed that lovely spring afternoon in Mount Auburn. The virile, tireless, fighting Whittemore who traveled all over New England, served in the legislature, as president and director in bank and railroad, and wrote his blasts for the cause—was quiet enough now.

The scholarly Lucius R. Paige, 1802-1896, also of Cambridge, pastor for seven years in Cambridgeport, author of the Commentary on the New Testament and other works, legislator, banker, director, lay close by, all these things past for him, too.

On Whittemore's tomb are the familiar words of Psalm 23 and 1 Cor. 15 : 5-22. He still seemed sending forth the great texts of his faith.

Mount Auburn is a wonderful combination of hills and valleys, high places from which one looks over all Boston, little ponds bordered by lawns like "green pastures by still waters," shaded drives curving on and on to new scenes of beauty.

Following the west line southward again to Harebell Path we came to where Sebastian Streeter and Otis A. Skinner lie close together.

There remain in Boston traces of the impression of Sebastian Streeter, "quick, thin, nervous, clear, magnetic, adaptable, popular." His "conference meetings" Friday nights in Hanover Street were famous, we are told. At weddings, at funerals, everywhere as a pastor, he seemed a mighty man, and in the full tide of his eloquence at General Conventions he swept the more sedate brethren off their feet, bringing loud Amens from the Quaker Abel C. Thomas in 1833, at Nottingham, N. H. "He kindled men."

"For a period of forty years," says the inscription, "he was the revered and beloved pastor of the First Universalist Church in Boston. His learning, his piety, and his Christian demeanor were conspicuous and distinguished him as a father in the Israel to which he belonged. The pious resignation of his declining years (he lived to the age of eighty-four) and his peaceful yet triumphant death were vindications of the religious faith he so long faithfully held and honored."

At the grave of Otis A. Skinner there is a lovely view off to the west. "Born in Royalton, Vt.," says the inscription, "July 3, 1807. Died in Napiersville, Ill., Sept. 18, 1861. A beloved brother and faithful minister and fellow servant in the Lord." (Angela M. Streeter, his wife, was a daughter of Sebastian Streeter.) "His epitaph is written in his successful ministry, the grateful memory of the poor, his devotion to the cause of education, his early labors in laying the foundations of Tufts College and his Presidency of Lombard University. Erected by members of the Fifth Universalist Society of Boston of which he was pastor from January, 1831, to April, 1846, and from January, 1849, to April, 1857, and other friends."

As pastor in Baltimore, in Haverhill, at Orchard St., New York, and in Boston, as financial agent raising money for Tufts, and as head of Lombard, he spent a busy life.

Just how all these Skinners were related I don't know. There were Joseph Oberlin Skinner, Samuel P., who was brother of Otis A., the Rev. Warren Skinner, and the Rev. Dolphus Skinner, brother of Warren Skinner, among the older ones.

Otis A. Skinner the actor, in his interesting autobiography recently published, says the Skinners are all descended from Thomas Skinner, who arrived from England in 1650.

He himself is a son of the Rev. Charles A. Skinner of Somerville, who was a son of the Rev. Warren Skinner. Otis A. Skinner the actor is a brother of the late Charles Skinner of the *Brooklyn Eagle* and uncle of Prof. Clarence Skinner of Tufts College.

Dr. Clarence Rice on his mother's side is a Skinner, a descendant of this same historic line of clergymen. They have been a numerous and effective company. They all seem to date back to Vermont and New Hampshire. Nearly all the ministers of the name were editors as well as preachers and practically all of them were "fine looking men." Not all of the Skinner preachers alive agree with all the others still alive, but those whose bodies are buried in Mount Auburn, I doubt not, look with broad tolerance on the creeds of both conservative and radical seekers for truth.

Just below the Skinner plot was a tiny stone to "Alice, 1876-81"—only five years old, even her name unknown to me, but these pathetic words preserved in marble: "Nobody knows but Jesus how tired I am."

On a lofty place near the southern side of the cemetery, we found Hosea Ballou the second, first president of Tufts College, and near by several generations of Tufts, and on the same path—Lavender—John G. Adams, father of our beloved John Coleman Adams—both gone now.

Down below them east of the south entrance was the grave of George W. Bicknell, who must have been one of the most beloved ministers of Cambridge. The man at the office had no trouble marking the place on the map. He apparently had done it many times.

E. G. Brooks, who came to Washington in 1867 to represent the General Convention and help start the Washington church, Thomas J. Sawyer, who died in 1889 at the age of ninety-five, one of our strongest men, and Henry Bacon, another Boston man, a hearer of Ballou, Streeter and Dean in his youth, were among the others at whose graves we paused. Some other day we must take to speak of them—and others of the remarkable company lying in this one cemetery.

The Y. P. C. U. is doing a noble work in arranging each year for services and for the decoration of these graves. It is good for them, good for the Church and perhaps good for the spirits of the departed. And it unquestionably is good for us all to read the biographies and enter into the atmosphere of the great days when these fathers of our faith fought the good fight, kept the faith and won their astounding victories.

Mount Auburn is a place well worth our while to visit. It can be reached by motor in fifteen or twenty minutes from Universalist Headquarters. The route is over the Harvard Bridge and up the beautiful parkway along the River Charles.

And we ought to think about and come to know about the other great ones buried there who were not Universalists in church connection.

If we knew their lives and understood their works it would be a good substitute for a broad college education.

Most of them were not acquainted with one another in life. Their service lay in different fields.

I don't know that Ballou or Whittemore or Paige or Thayer or the others had much contact with the famous Boston literary and scientific group, many of whose most distinguished members lie close by them in death. I don't know how well they recognized what we see distinctly now, that all these others were their allies. Whoever was writing a song to touch the human heart, whoever was finding out something about a law of the universe, whoever was standing boldly for justice, was promoting the larger faith, the deeper religion which recognizes that everything which is good and true and beautiful is of God. They were helping overturn absolutism in religion to make way for something better. With all of them, faith has now turned to sight. Allies recognize themselves as allies. Brave, loyal men look through varying garbs of social rank, denomination and party and see other brave and loyal men. There is clear vision and friendly contact now. The gentle Longfellow sits down with the doughty Whittemore, the sagacious Ballou with the philosopher Royce, each finding delight in the other.

That must be heaven indeed.

The Sedges, Seabright, N. J., May 30, 1924.

Following the General Superintendent

John Smith Lowe

VISITS to Baltimore and Washington, D. C., recently have been interesting and fruitful. The Baltimore church is forging ahead. Mr. Kearns began his pastorate last fall. He is working like a Trojan and his people are doing the same. Optimism is the prevailing state of mind. Congregations are increasing. The church is impressing itself upon the city. The newspapers are giving generous space to the minister's sermons. If you have not done so, be sure to read the account of the Christ Crusade meetings in Baltimore, by Mr. Kearns, in the *Leader* for April 5, 1924. Read also the story of the same campaign in Washington by Dr. Rice in the *Leader* for April 19, 1924. Much more of this kind of thing should be done next season in every part of the country. All must help. Write in your suggestions and file your request for definite action in your part of the country.

One thing that happened on my Sunday morning in Baltimore impressed me deeply. Just before we entered the pulpit, the members of the choir sat with us in the minister's retiring room. In preparation

for the service in which we were about to engage, all of us as leaders, we reverently bowed our heads while Mr. Kearns offered a prayer for divine guidance for each. It was distinctively helpful. This little preliminary devotional service between the minister and his choir takes place each Sunday morning before the organ voluntary starts. Dr. Shutter, who visited Baltimore on his way back to Minneapolis from Florida, attached so much importance to it that he made particular mention of it in his official report of his trip to the Convention, saying: "Hal Kearns is doing intelligent and constructive work. He is emphasizing the religious element. His entire service is arranged to produce the most direct effect upon the spiritual side of his audience. The few moments of prayer with the choir just before the service opens, suggests what might be tried in other places."

While in Washington I went once more to see the great Episcopal Cathedral on Mt. St. Albans, overlooking the city, with the Potomac River in the background. Fresh flowers mark the last resting place of the remains of Woodrow Wilson. Once again I was impressed with the magnitude and grandeur of architecture as the symbol of spiritual culture, religious aspiration and devotion. The Episcopal Cathedral, in size and beauty, will equal most of the far-famed cathedrals of the old world and it will surpass many of them.

Next I visited All Souls Church, the new Unitarian National Church, costing nearly a million dollars. Less pretentious by far than the imposing structure on Mt. St. Albans, costing seventy-five millions, it is, nevertheless, a commanding edifice. In design it is a colonial conception. It has been worked out in such a way that it gives one the idea of spaciousness. It would be hard to think of anything of consequence that has been overlooked. Besides the temple of worship and the main assembly hall, called Channing Hall, there is a large dining hall, a swimming pool, a men's club room, a ladies' parlor with work rooms attached, a small chapel, a kindergarten and primary Sunday school room. There is a most attractive open air court surrounded by the church proper and the parish house buildings, where small gatherings may be held in the spring, summer and early autumn. The church presents a most imposing view from the street as one approaches the corner of 16th Street and Harvard Avenue from any direction. The high but graceful spire, rising above the buildings, so truly suggestive of the old colonial meeting-house of early New England days and yet so different, because so modern, arrests attention and compels respect.

The Unitarians have done many things of late which merit unstinted praise. The space they have occupied in the columns of the newspapers, the country over, is one, but they have done nothing that will do half as much to give permanence, dignity and standing to their faith throughout America and in the eyes of the whole world, as the building of this beautiful and impressive national church in the nation's Capital City. A few years ago, the Unitarian church in Washington was only a little less obscure than the present Universalist church on 14th and L Streets. To-day All Souls Church is one of the outstanding churches in the Capital. It holds a place of distinction. It dominates.

The congregations have increased to such an extent that fears are being expressed that the church, large though it is, will be too small for the demands upon it. Every Unitarian church in the country will be stronger on account of this great achievement in Washington.

I viewed several more National Churches and then inwardly breathed a sigh of regret that we felt compelled to cut down the size and magnitude of our National Memorial Church enterprise, but I also registered a new resolution to work as never before for the carrying out of our project as outlined at present. Friends, let us do this thing quickly at last. It will help us on the way to doing all the other things we are trying to do.

Many fears have been expressed that the National Memorial Church in Washington will be a constant tax upon the denomination. Dr. Rice and his people are firm in the belief that once the new church is completed it will be self-supporting. Returns from the every member canvass in connection with the annual parish meeting recently indicate that such a hope is not an impossible dream.

The Methuen Centennial

The Gleason Memorial Universalist Church in Methuen, Mass., of which the Rev. A. Gertrude Earle is the minister, has just celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its birth. It is worthy of note, in passing, that the church is forty-five members stronger to-day than it was a century ago. Here again we discover signs of progress rather than evidences of disintegration.

In 1824, in the sparsely settled town of Methuen, a little band of God-fearing people assembled to worship God according to their peculiar beliefs. The result was the organization of the First Universalist Parish. The meeting was held at the home of one of the members. There were sixty charter members. Just twelve years later the present church was built. It stands on the brow of a hill overlooking the town square. The edifice, a fine example of the New England meeting-house, except for the interior, stands unchanged to this day. These early Methuen Universalists were sturdy people. They literally built their church by the labor of their own hands. Their labors were not in vain.

In 1901 the interior of the church was remodeled by Charles H. Tenney in memory of his wife's father, Daniel Gleason. It has since been called the Gleason Memorial Church. The interior to-day is one of the most artistic of its kind to be found anywhere in America, in our own denomination or in any denomination. The decorative scheme is of dull white enamel with dark mahogany panels. The ceiling is heavily beamed. The pulpit is in the center of a small chancel and is flanked on either side by massive fluted columns. The effect is one the casual visitor will not soon forget. If you are ever in New England with a few Sundays to spare, visit Methuen and see this wonderful church. It will pay you to do it.

Many interesting incidents have figured in the history of this church. The society of church mem-

bers was organized during the pastorate of the Rev. Alonzo Ames Miner, D. D., in 1839, fourteen years after the organization of the parish. The first members were baptized in the Spicket River by immersion and the practise was continued for many years. Dr. Miner afterward became minister of the Second Universalist Society in Boston and later president of Tufts College. During his Methuen pastorate bitter theological controversies were raging and frequently the church was crowded with eager listeners who flocked to hear the eloquent and scholarly sermons of Dr. Miner. The Rev. Hosea Ballou, D. D., "Father of Universalism," was often heard in Methuen when he was at the height of his power.

Miss Earle was called to the pastorate of the society, from Dover, Maine, in 1910. It is interesting to observe, in this connection, that while women were never excluded from voting membership in the parish, it is in the records of 1841 that they are first mentioned as having taken an active part in the affairs of the church, when the Benevolent Sewing Society presented the pulpit chairs. It was not until 1868 that women were appointed to positions on church committees. It is significant to notice that, as a crowning event to this particular phase of history, the pastorate of Miss Earle has been the longest and the most prosperous to date in the life of the society. Sixty-five ministers have served the church during the century of its existence. Quite a record. It should be said, in explanation, that some of the men whose names appear in the long list were temporary pulpit supplies only and could hardly be set down as having been settled pastors.

New Churches in Rhode Island

New churches are the order of the day in Rhode Island. The new Church of the Mediator in Providence, opened last Easter, is still a center of interest. Congregations are three to four times as large as they were in the old church at the height of the season. The First Universalist Society of Woonsocket, however, is not to be outdone. On Mothers' Day, Sunday, May 18, this society laid the corner-stone of the first unit of a new edifice. The plans, drawn by the same architect who built the Church of the Mediator, are modern in every respect. The church house only is being built at present. The church proper will be erected later. When finished the entire plant will be one of the most commodious and complete in every respect in our denomination. On Mothers' Day, Mr. Ellenwood, the minister, wore an unusually happy face. The same might be said of Latimer W. Ballou, president of the society, Harris Davis, superintendent of the Sunday school, and all the others who made up the large congregation that packed the old church for the preliminary service and then marched over to the site of the new church, a few blocks away in the center of the city, where the formal ceremonies of laying the corner-stone were conducted by Mr. Ellenwood.

A Sunday in Newark, New Jersey

Sunday, June 1, found me in Newark preaching for Dr. Rose. Dr. Rose was taken ill late in May and will be out of his pulpit until his church opens again in the fall. He is improving rapidly.

Twenty-five years ago Dr. Rose and his wife went to Newark. He took a church in the business section of the city. It was a down-town church in a growing city. As a society the church was certainly "down" at the time and not a few thought it was "out." To-day it is still a down-town church, but it is neither "down" nor "out." Instead it is decidedly "up" and "in."

Dr. and Mrs. Rose went to work. I say Dr. and Mrs. Rose advisedly, for no account of what has taken place in the Newark church in the last quarter of a century would be complete with Mrs. Rose left out of the story. She has been as much of a leader in her sphere as Dr. Rose has been in his. Three major factors have been at work, through the years, in making this society the strong institution it has come to be. First, the minister faced a hard task with a courageous heart. He had in him the will to succeed. Firmly fixed in his mind was this resolution: "I am going to make this church go. I'll stick to it until I get there." Second, he went on the assumption from the first that a Universalist minister has something distinctive to preach that no minister of another church can possibly preach in its unalloyed form. He believes this as firmly to-day as he ever did. He has preached this same thing unceasingly through the years from his pulpit and from his bulletin-board in front of his church. By actual count, sixty people a minute pass by this bulletin-board every day of the week.

Each week the board carries a brief sentence that has in it the heart of Universalism, in type so large that people may read as they run. Here is the one that was in evidence on the occasion of my visit: "Salvation depends not on belief but on behavior." These epigrammatic phrases have traveled all over the country. Strangers in town from Maine to California have copied them into notebooks and used them in talks back home. They have been quoted in magazine articles and sermons. Dr. Rose believes the people are hungry for what we have to give them. Third, he has been enterprising and original while making work his middle name. His Sunday evening lectures on great dramas have packed his church year after year. The advent of motion pictures and the erection of a large picture house just across the street from the church, open Sunday nights, did not cut in on his audiences. In fact, the manager of the theater wrote in a magazine article, "Dr. Rose sends us his overflow on Sunday night."

Let no one think the Newark church operates an entertainment hall Sunday evenings. Do not get the impression that the people come merely because they see a series of attractive lantern slides. The slides really are incidental. Much time and study are put into the other parts of the service with the idea of making it decidedly religious.

What of the results? They are unbelievable, almost. The church dominates the city with its influence. It is a power for good. The Sunday morning audiences are nearly as great as the Sunday evening crowds, and the people who constitute them are nearly all members of the church. The Sunday school is one of the largest and best I have seen anywhere in the denomination, in spite of the fact that there are no

children anywhere near the church. They all live miles away.

The Sunday I was in Newark the weather was ideal. It was clear and cool and the sun was shining brilliantly. Early arrivals said, "Sorry, but you won't have many out such a morning as this and so late in the year." Sunday school was at ten o'clock, but when I looked in the large room was full of children and young people. I wish you might have heard them sing. When I took the pulpit at exactly eleven, I could hardly believe my eyes. The large auditorium was nearly filled. Vacant pews and some only partly occupied were visible, but they were not plentiful. While the service was in progress, I am told there were fifty-five little folks attending the kindergarten in the Sunday school room. And yet when the benediction had been pronounced, the people came filing up to say, "We are sorry there were so few out this morning." We have a great church in Newark. At any rate what I saw there gladdened my heart and fortified my faith. Let those who say the Church is dying, ponder this situation a bit before they repeat their assertion.

Seeing New York on Sunday

Being in New York City Children's Sunday, and having time for a down-town service only, I went into the "Brick Church," Presbyterian, to hear Dr. William Pierson Merrill preach. Dr. Merrill is the New York preacher whose articles in the *World's Work* last winter attracted such widespread attention. My first look at Dr. Merrill reminded me not a little of Dr. L. P. Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, to whom the editor of the *Leader* devoted considerable space recently. There is a physical resemblance between the two men and a good deal of spiritual kinship. As I entered the notable edifice, I found myself wondering what I would find on a beautiful Sunday morning in June in a church on Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping district of New York City, that was founded in 1767. A friend, who has devoted the greater part of a gifted life to building up the Church, had told me only a few days before of how he had been called upon, by a man of distinction, to acknowledge that "the Church is a losing proposition to-day" and "that it will soon be gone from our midst, a thing of the past." I was thinking of that remark and of others I have heard or read, of late, to the effect that the Church is dying and will soon be dead.

"If the fatal malady is as far advanced as we are frequently told it is," I said to myself, "one should find marked evidences of the sickness Sunday morning, June 8, on Fifth Avenue in New York." I found nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I found myself in a church so well filled with people at five minutes of eleven that I could not get as good a seat as I wished. I was greeted by courteous ushers, just courteous enough, who did the best they could to give me what I desired. I felt at once an air of worship and reverence. By the time the service started, sittings were scarce. The people? They looked like the rank and file of us for the most part. Men were numerous and many of them were young. Most of the worshipers near my pew and in it were persons of modest income, if one can judge from appearances, and on Fifth Avenue, on this score, I think you can. The service was simple but well ordered and uplifting.

Dr. Merrill has a clean cut face crowned by hair that is turning from black to white. His personality is engaging, compelling, winsome. His voice is rich, mellow and impressive. His elocution is natural, but effective. His thoughts travel on a high level but not above the heads of his hearers. He reads his scripture lesson intelligently, like a man who knows what he is reading and why he is reading it. He uses a manuscript but he does so with telling effect; first, because he has something worth reading and second because he refers to it but little. On this Sunday morning he announced no subject. His text was from Numbers. I don't recall the chapter and verse, but here are the words: "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his." They are the words of Balaam. Dr. Merrill made the point that Balaam had expressed a laudable wish, one we all echo. He did not realize it. He died the death of the unrighteous, the death of the very wicked. His name has since been the symbol of evil. Why did his aspiration fail? Why did he die the death of the sinful? Because his wish was only a wish. Actually Balaam loved the "wages of unrighteousness," we are told in another passage.

Here we have the secret of the failure of much that passes in the name of religion. It is a longing, sincere enough at the time it is felt, but it does not last; it lifts the head, but it fails to lift the feet as well. We express a longing for peace. Everybody wants peace, but we do not get peace. We don't get it because our desire for it does not amount to anything more than a longing. The moment of aspiration passes and we slip back into the ways that lead to war. "There is one thing about this liberal religion we hear so much about that I like," said Dr. Merrill. "It insists that it is the life we live daily that counts." What else there is about liberal religion that he likes, and what there is about it that he does not like, he did not say. It would be interesting to know, since he mentioned the one thing and about the only one that is of much consequence in any religion.

It was a great sermon from a man of ability, faith and power. I came away from this service, as I did from the one in Newark a week ago, feeling that the Church is still very much alive and very much a factor in making our world better, finer and more like the kingdom of heaven on earth. It will have to die faster than it is dying now, if it is to be a corpse as soon as some prophets predict.

I was impressed with the ministry of the "Brick Church," the scope and character of it, as revealed in the calendar of the day. Eight missionaries are supported in full, in India, China, Brazil, Cuba, Colombia, Africa, North Carolina and New Mexico, and two in part in other home fields. The church maintains a Sick Children's Aid Society with a full time visiting nurse, a dental clinic, a school lunch and many other activities having to do with a social program.

I am now headed for Iowa, where Senator Brookhart has just been renominated on the Republican ticket, for the purpose of attending the Iowa Uni-

versalist Convention. While the Republicans of the country are busy in Cleveland nominating Calvin Coolidge for the Presidency and ex-Governor Lowden or General Dawes or some one else for the Vice Presidency, we Universalists in Iowa will be considering ways and means for making more effective the religion of Jesus, without which the best Presidents, Vice Presidents and Senators on earth will be a failure.

Why We Are Going

H. M. Cary

THE General Convention is sending us to Japan to carry on work already inaugurated and to extend the work wherever and whenever opportunities can be made and available means and men permit. We hope we are qualified. If a profound belief in the philosophy of Universalism, freedom from race prejudice, friendship for the Japanese people, faith in the unfailing goodness of God, confidence in the liberal religion as the world's faith to-morrow and its hope to-day, pride in the task assigned us and enthusiasm for the labor involved—if these count we believe that we are in so far qualified. Mrs. Cary's interest in and enthusiasm for our work in Japan are well known. I have been a missionary for six years in a foreign land and a missionary in my heart for all the years of my ministry.

From the beginning of our fellowship with the Universalist Church we have been deeply interested in our Japan Mission, and have often wished that we might go. We have said nothing of this to any one, believing that if our work lay there it would come seeking us. The call when it came, therefore, was more than welcome.

We believe that the next quarter century will be vital years in the development of rational Christian international good-will. To achieve what the world needs will require the tactful and sympathetic presentation of the Gospel of Universal Brotherhood the world over. We would like to have a share, however humble, in this achievement, and Tokyo is one of the world's strategic centers from now on. Something of what William Griffis said in his preface to "The Japanese Nation in Evolution" is what is in the back of our minds: "As God had an 'Old' Testament with the Hebrews, and also with our savage forefathers, so with the children of Nippon has He made a covenant. The 'Old' is becoming the 'New' and the spirit of the Master who came 'not to destroy but to fulfil' is conquering, slowly and surely, the brutish savagery that masks itself under 'civilization' and 'Christianity' as well as intrenched 'paganism.' In the potencies of blood, inheritances, geographical situation, and advantages in the age and the ages, the Japanese people seem to me to have, above every other nation on earth, the power to become the true middle term in the surely coming union and reconciliation of the Orient and the Occident."

We are not founding our expectations on building and equipment but on people and ideas. However, we shall need some material aids, and we are confident that these will be supplied by the combined generosity of both Americans and Japanese.

It will require some faith to go, but it will require more faith to stay and see it through. We believe in prayer, and therefore we ask most earnestly that prayer for our missionaries at home and abroad may become a more familiar part of the service in our churches. Only a joyous and adventurous faith can sustain the work of pushing our Gospel of the Larger Hope to the pre-eminence it ought to have. It will take real faith to live the kind of life we must live. It takes much prayer to create and maintain that kind of faith. Therefore, pray for us, brethren.

We regard it as a privilege to be the ambassadors of the good-will of our Universalist churches. We hope for the health of body and mind to be able to work at the task assigned for many years. May God bless all our churches here and there.

Interpreters of Youth

Granville Hicks

OFTEN when two phenomena are clearly related it is difficult to tell which is cause and which is effect. In the sometimes regretted days when young people were seen and not heard, youth was neither respected nor desired. Then everybody tried to grow up as fast as possible; now everybody tries to stay young as long as possible. Then the young were at a disadvantage in business and the professions; now it is age that is handicapped. Whichever came first, it is true that at the present time everybody wants to be young and the young are particularly favored.

The changing importance of youth has resulted in an increasing interest in youth, and since anything interesting is written about that has meant a growing number of books and articles about youth. Not all those books and articles are favorable. One remembers the diatribe Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould wrote in the *Atlantic*, the first, as far as I know, of a series of articles concerning our wild young people, articles punctuated with pained expressions, attitudes of horror, and references to the happy past when things were far different.

Simultaneously with this wave of rebuke has come the rise from the ranks of a group of self-appointed interpreters of youth, headed by F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose "This Side of Paradise" was so popular that one copy would frequently be read by as many as eight college students in one day when it made its appearance four years ago. The book made a sensation—to put it mildly—in the college world. Brilliantly written, daring enough to furnish a thrill, absolutely

accurate in some of its details, it attracted widespread attention. Critics looked for a precedent and found nothing except Owen Johnson's "Stover at Yale," which appeared very tame beside Fitzgerald's novel.

Not long after Scott Fitzgerald had written about Princeton Stephen Vincent Benet, who had been known as a most remarkable young poet, wrote a novel centering around Yale. Better written but much less sensational, this book did not have the vogue vouchsafed its predecessor. College young people began to decide that both books had dealt with extraordinary situations and extraordinary heroes and were true to the garden variety of college life only in some of their atmospheric details. The need for a realistic novel of college life was keenly felt.

The first step toward realism was "Town and Gown," a volume of short stories about life in a Western university, but the achievement of a thoroughly realistic narrative of college life was left for Percy Marks, author of "The Plastic Age." Here we have a picture of life in a college of medium size, a picture marked by a clever selection of details, a gift for clear portrayal of character, and an ability to reproduce the minutiae of college life with the fidelity of a camera. It is the story of the average college man in the average college, told without frills, without undue modesty, without any regard for the feelings of anybody.

"The Plastic Age" is what James Branch Cabell would call a comedy of disillusionment. Its hero goes to Sanford, which is sometimes Dartmouth, sometimes Brown, and sometimes almost any college, and one by one he loses his ideals. He finds fraternity life not at all what his father had described. He discovers that the intellectual aspect of a modern college is largely absent. His notions about girls change materially. As one of his friends remarks, college leaves him poorer and coarser than he was when he entered.

The book is going through the colleges as rapidly as did "This Side of Paradise." A group of girls at Tufts stayed up well into the morning to read it. On comparing notes with some of the men they knew they decided that it was true. A house-mother at Wellesley refused to be shocked by it until the girls in her house assured her that it depicted college life accurately. College men in a variety of colleges have remarked the author's indisputable familiarity with fraternity life, bull sessions, freshmen initiation, and the like. College students are unanimous in asserting that it is correct—at least as far as it goes.

One of the most interesting reactions came from a girl who is outside college. She said that the book ought to make college men turn their colleges upside down. That was a new thought. Perhaps the clearest evidence that the book is true is the fact that nobody in college is ashamed of it. If college men were at all sensitive they could not remain quiet before such an indictment, for, as this girl pointed out, the students at Sanford are not only in a moral haze but also in an intellectual stupor.

So much attention has been given this particular interpretation of youth because it is so generally accepted by youth itself. The picture of life at Sanford is unlovely, but it is exactly the kind of college life which our so-called civilization would produce. Most of the college students intend to go into business, where at the present time culture is a handicap. They want to have a good time, make some useful friends, and become good mixers. As William Allen White says, "Just now the college is the haunt of a lot of leather-necked, brass-lunged, money-spending snobs who rush around the campus snubbing the few choice spirits who come to college to seek out reason and the will of God."

Note that there are a few choice spirits. And apparently the number is growing. It would be a pleasant antidote to "The Plastic Age" to record some of the splendid work being done by college dramatic clubs, some of the intellectual activity of liberal clubs, some of the real spiritual progress of student fellowships. All this is true and very encouraging, but it must nevertheless be written that Mr. Percy Marks has seen our colleges clearly even though he may not have seen them whole.

The moral that might be drawn from all these interpretations of youth is that an interpretation of youth is impossible. Youth is as heterogeneous as age and can not be interpreted *en masse*. Nevertheless a very important crosss ection may sometimes be laid bare—witness "The Plastic Age."

The College Answers

Harry R. Wellman

JUST the other day a perfectly fine woman, the mother of one of our students, said to me, "Why are college men and women so different to-day? What in the world ails them?" It was an interesting question and since the question seems to fairly represent the honest opinion of a great many people, it is a question worth answering.

Strangely enough there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the colleges in general, nor with the young people who attend them. The fault lies deeper than that. It goes back to the homes from which these young people come and to the social conditions surrounding those homes.

After all, the college is just the gathering place of a large number of samples, a cross section, if you like, from the homes of rich men, poor men, social leaders, leaders of liberal thought, "Babbitt" homes and real homes. But since these samples are gathered in one spot, their actions and reactions are more easily seen and misunderstand.

"Home" is a rather strange word to use in connection with the present stopping place of the usual family. There *are* homes left in America, but they are mostly in the socially isolated regions where present-day social civilization has not yet penetrated—the civilized outposts, as it were.

There is no sense in being bitter about this, nor

is there any sense in further temporizing. The average home from which men and women go to college to-day is not the home of the parents of former college generations. Canned food, canned music, canned ideas, machine-made clothes and machine-made ideas broadcast by radio! Movies, more movies and still more movies. The center table lamp no longer lights up the family circle reading, talking and working. Instead, the family has translated itself into the family circle of the newest, most garish movie house, to see the newest, most garish picture. Home life as such is nearly extinct. Home influence has expired from the lack of real homes.

Let us take up our indictments in order: "College men and women drink." Some of them do. Why shouldn't they? As long as so-called decent people think it smart to break the law, as long as our doctors, law-makers, judges and first citizens spend their time accumulating hootch, and satisfy their social aspirations by meeting new bootleggers, as long as a "breath" is a badge of distinction, and being tight a matter of grave congratulation and envy, why should the sons and daughters act differently? "Honor thy father and thy mother!"

"They smoke and gamble terribly." As a matter of fact, they don't! But why shouldn't they? Can you think of a really smart party to-day that does not include cigarettes for the ladies? Or a card party playing for fancy pin-cushions or lamp shades? You can not. Father and mother now gamble because it's smart. Table stakes make it more interesting. Only recently one of the boys got in trouble with the administration because he gambled. His father was sent for and the following conversation occurred in the office of the president. Father: "George, how much a point do you play for?" George: "A cent a point, Father!" Father: "Good Lord, Boy, I only play for a half a cent myself!" And then you expect this college administration to police this boy and keep him from gambling! It isn't funny, it's pathetic.

"And those horrid dances." Quite so. Nothing since the earliest dawn of civilization can approach the sensual sordidness of these dances, which are no longer Barbary Coast high spots, but danced right in the country clubs and in the homes from which these young men and women come to college. If things are too quiet around home, it is socially smart for mother and father to go out to some hotel, inn or road-house—where father has thoughtfully established his drinking residence—and trot around until morning drives them home or the place closes up. "Well, if Dad does it, why should you kick?"

"When I was young the men might drink but they never would appear at a party under the influence of liquor, where women were present." They wouldn't now if the women were not under the influence of liquor too! The Crinoline Age was merely a reflection of the existing surrounding social conditions. This generation will continue to think this custom "smart" just as long as their parents think it "smart." Just a year ago I attended one of these smart functions at a great Mid-Western hotel. It was smart for each debutante to carry a gold flask. It was smart for each boy or man to be similarly equipped. The sounds of revelry could not have been duplicated in the time of Belshazzar! Nice people, too, the nicest and smartest in the city.

And a number of you have the courage to blame this on the colleges. You have had your say; be patient and let us present the rest of the case for the defense. Have you ever stopped to think that, because it is easier for you, because of the more complex life you lead, you are sending the youngsters away to summer camps, away to schools, away to camp again and thence to college? They often know the janitor as well as they know their own folks. When they do come home for vacations they dash madly from one drunken party to the next, reaching home with the milkman. Oh, yes, it's smart, and, "Well, everybody is doing it, you know, and we can't be old-fashioned." In heaven's name, why can't you?

During a recent vacation I heard a girl—not in college—ask her father if he would serve cocktails at her party. He said he wouldn't and made a few remarks about the present generation. She said, "Oh, well, do as you like, but they won't stay unless you do." And he, righteous man, shook up a synthetic cocktail for dinner and growled the rest of the evening.

You send us radiator boys and kitchenette girls. You send us your own flesh and blood and say in effect. "For heaven's sake, take care of them: we can't." And then some of you lift your pious faces to Heaven and groan about the present younger generation. Yes, you do. We've heard you repeatedly. Isn't it about time for you to do your part of the job? You parents seem to have come entirely under the sway of the great American fetish "they." You laugh at the savage and his primitive "taboo," yet you are more under the spell of what "they" say and what "they" do than the poor savage ever was. There are thousands of you—millions I hope—who hate this hootch-ridden social system, but too few of you who dare say so, who dare accept the responsibility of bringing up your own children in your own way.

Probably you like this wholesale criticism just as well as the colleges have liked the criticism you have been giving them.

Probably, too, this criticism is just as true as was your criticism. Both sides have been calling a spade a steam shovel, not to be unfair, but to use sufficient emphasis to start some constructive thought and action. The new generation is worth all the thought and help we can give them. The young men and young women in colleges to-day are clean living, clean thinking youngsters forced into doing things that disgust them because the times decree that these are the things to do. The colleges do not originate these customs; they are the direct product of the home town smart set.

If you wish the present college product changed, change the home conditions first. Have the same courage and decision to avoid hootch and jazz that you expect the college generation to have. Dare to refuse to go to places where such usages and customs are permitted. Take a little real interest in the young men and women—and set the example of your own decent conduct. Make it smart to be decent. Frankly, college men and women are so fed up on the stuff at present that unless you put your own house in order promptly, you will be embarrassed by having

your children ask you to do so. Give of yourself. Drop a few clubs, leave out a few parties, and devote half the amount of time to your children that your parents devoted to you. Forget this busy stuff. If you give these youngsters half a chance, you will find a community of interests that will surprise you. Summer camps have probably saved this generation, yet isn't it just a bit unreasonable to plan the time of your children so that the irreducible minimum will be spent at home or in your company?

There are thousands of homes where hootch and jazz are unknown. Men and women from these homes are the balance wheels of the colleges and nation. Instead of more hopeless criticism, let us try to increase the number of these decent homes.

The youngsters of to-day are wonderful. Their potentialities are the greatest the world has ever seen. Education, travel, culture, are theirs for the asking. Direct them. Help them and, in helping them, help yourself to become a working force for decency. Right now the colleges need your help on another phase that has not been mentioned before, rotten literature. For quite a while this yellow peril has been lying low. Now it is beginning to creep back. You can help stop it. Stop your subscription. Don't buy the books, but whatever you do, don't read the stuff secretly and then try to prevent your children from reading it by remarking, "It's not nice for you to read things like that—yet." Use a little sense, won't you? That is the one remark necessary to make your child beg, borrow or steal a copy.

This is not the time for preachment. It is a time for action. Prudes, blue laws and goody-goodies are not invited to this party. Reasonable people are. It is simply time to get back to decent fundamentals, not to "must nots" and old-fashioned prudery. This is a new-fashioned world where reason must replace command, where companionship must replace paid supervision, and where real direction will come only by force of real example. The colleges are finding a wonderful response from the present generation. The colleges are more fundamentally religious than they have ever been. I have been back in educational work for four years. I have seen men under the influence of liquor, I have seen real he-fighting, but I have not yet seen a mean act. The colleges accept their individual jobs. Will you accept yours?—*Dartmouth Alumni Magazine.*

Talks with Toilers

III---The Master of the Coasting Schooner

Edward H. Cotton

THE city was having a "spell" of weather. The trucks, cars, automobiles, and horse-drawn vehicles that were passing up and down the avenue in unending lines were wet and dripping. The drivers, the pedestrians on the sidewalk, were weary with a week of rain and fog, and their faces showed their feelings. I turned from the avenue to a dock famous in Atlantic Coast shipping annals, walked the wet, dreary length of it, and looked out on the harbor, gray, and tossing under a lashing east wind. Jammed in among towboats, fishing-dories and lighters, at the far end of the dock was a green-painted, buff-bowed schooner of an ancient type—such a vessel as might have stepped out of one of Clark Russell's stories of the days when the sailing craft was mistress of the ocean.

Jibs, foresail and mainsail were piled down on bowsprit and booms. A great rusty anchor with an oak stock and a long length of equally rusty chain cable hung over the rail. Coiled sheets and halyards lay on the deckhouse or swung from belaying pins. A yawl-boat, and a tender half full of rain-water, hung from the stern davits. Littered boat-gear was scattered here and there about the decks. But of human habitation there was no sign. I climbed over the rail, slid back the cabin scuttle, and saw a man sitting hunched up at a table reading a newspaper.

"Come in out of the wet," he invited. "Have a chair. Is this east wind as tough on you as it is on us?"

Had it not been for the companionway, the staterooms, and the deck above, I should have thought I was in an old-time kitchen, for there was the oilcloth-covered table, the time-worn cook-stove, the easy chair in front of it, the pantry (they call it galley at sea) with rows of dishes and cooking utensils.

"You are comfortable enough down here," said I.

"As comfortable as may be in such weather."

"Don't talk to the Cap'n about the weather," said the mate, who was sitting by the stove, a pipe in his mouth, his feet on the hearth.

The captain leaned back in his chair, looked as if he might add something to the mate's comment, but held his peace. He was a rugged sea-veteran, tall, thin, with iron-gray hair and deep, thoughtful eyes, which peered with shrewd intelligence from under shaggy brows.

"When will the wind change?" I asked.

The captain tilted farther back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and replied, "The Almighty only knows—and He won't tell."

"You assume that He could if He would," I ventured.

"I didn't say so. He never has yet, and I reckon He won't begin with us. Look here, do you think all things are ordered for the best? I don't. Here we are, with time pressing, due now three hundred miles to the eastward, with a load of groceries for the Maine islands, and no hope yet of a fair wind. Some of the new boats are sharp and deep, have power, and could beat up into it, but we can't in this craft. She'd make more leeway than headway. We've got to stay tied up to this dock, cool our heels in the cabin, and wait for the powers of nature to make a move. Don't tell me that things work together for good, with a heading wind, and me keeping a crew idle on pay and feed. I don't believe it. It's all nonsense." The captain emphasized his feelings with certain expletives I refrain from inserting.

Thinking to change to less debatable ground, I asked him the age of the schooner.

"Well, she's old enough to vote," he replied, relaxing a little. "Let's say she's fifty. Her keel was laid in Harpswell, Maine. The vessel was sloop-rigged up to five years ago and had the biggest mainsail on the coast. We changed her over to a schooner, then, for easier handling in a blow."

Had the material substance not been before me I could well have believed from the vessel's ancient lines and ghostly shrouds that she was related to Whittier's "Dead Ship of Harpswell," the ship that "never comes to port, howe'er the breeze may be."

"We cruise up and down the New England coast," the captain went on, "sometimes loaded with lumber, sometimes with stone. Some captains don't like a stone cargo—they say you get your feet wet too quick if anything happens—but I do. It's quicker loaded and unloaded. We have an engine forward that does all the hoisting of cargoes, sails, and anchor. That gasoline engine is my crew. I get two men if I can; if I can't, I get one. If it comes on to blow and we have to reef in a hurry, we have to do the best we can."

The captain talked in the vernacular and with an inimitable lazy drawl. As he talked, and the character he was began to unfold, I sensed a wealth of adventure and romance.

"Have you been long at sea?" I asked.

"Since I was as high as this table. I made my first voyage at fourteen, and I've been setting sail and reefing ever since, sometimes on deep-sea vessels, but of late years in coasters."

"No doubt you have had your share of good weather and bad."

"Yes, it's all in the day. We get used to it. I've been in places when not a man aboard, from the captain down, believed the vessel would come out of it—and say, talk about fear in the face of death, and sailors repenting at the eleventh hour and praying—I never saw any of it."

"But when your ship is saved, something saved it," I remarked. "Wouldn't you call it a good Providence?"

"No, sir. The man at the wheel was smart, and the crew was quick on the reef points." A quizzical smile lighted up the rugged face. "When the gale lays her over with the rail under and everything on deck slipping and sliding into the lee scuppers, there's no time to pray. Look here, do you believe in conscience? I mean, do you think there's a still, small voice around telling us what to do?"

"I believe something gives us an intimation of what is right."

"You are wrong," he drawled, swinging his legs back and forth under the table. "Conscience is the custom of the country. I've sailed to all parts. The natives of the South Sea Islands wear no clothes, and think nothing of it. When they wanted to entertain their friends with a good meal they took a prisoner, roasted him, and ate him, just as we roast a side of beef, and thought as little about it. Civilized folks do things mostly because it is customary—eat and drink, go to theaters and concerts and to church. Conscience has nothing to do with it. Here is another thing that puzzles me: will you tell me why men will fight so hard to live? All of us are fighting for life—sick ones to be cured, those in danger to escape. When we get caught out in a storm we drive the men and use every device we know to get the ship clear. But it only means living a little longer in misery."

"I disagree with you, Captain. Seventy-five per cent of life is pleasant; if the rest is misery, to use your term, it makes us appreciate sunshine and blue skies when we have them. The east wind has got into your system."

"I believe that," said the mate, rising and shaking the ashes from his pipe into the stove. "We've got to feel that there's something better further on; else, what's the use?"

"Maybe," the captain admitted. "Still I do wish you or some one would explain it all. I came into the world through no desire of my own. I'll go somewhere when I get through—where, I don't know, and you don't. It's all a puzzle and a mystery." Once more the captain used a manner of speech, free-and-easy to a seafaring man, which I will not repeat. "I guess I've been as near eternity as any man can get in this world and not slip over, but I never thought of praying, and I wasn't afraid of death. There wasn't time for those things. We were coming once out of the Bay of Fundy on a big schooner loaded with lumber, as good a sea-boat as one would want to ship in. We took on a pilot who said he knew the channel and could carry us through, but he lied. He knew no more about it than you do. The wind was blowing hard on shore, the tide was running like a mill-race, and it was thick—a bad combination. Pretty soon a cliff 150 feet high loomed through the fog and we were driving for it—and running free, too, which was the worst position we could be in. A wave heaved us up, and every one of the six on board expected when she slid down the other side she would crash into kindling wood on the rocks. But there was a tremendous backwash which sucked the ship back. Again and again the same thing happened. The yawl-boat was stove and full of water. Life wasn't worth a pin's purchase. I can see that black cliff now—it was the South Wolf—towering away up above our topmasts.

" 'We've got to shake the reef out of the foresail,' I said to the captain. I was mate, then.

" 'She can't lug it,' he said.

" 'We're likely to go down anyway.' I returned. 'We better go down with the harness on her.'

"Well, we did it, and just wiggled past the bluff."

"When you knew you were safe, didn't you feel like praying?" I asked.

"No, sir. We were glad enough to be alive, but it was good seamanship that yanked her out of there—that and every man working. If you want me to tell you how we felt, I guess we wanted most to get even with that impostor of a pilot. When it had looked as if five minutes more would smash us against the cliff the captain went to the pilot. I won't repeat his language, but he told him so he understood it that if the ship struck he would kill him if it was the last thing he did in this world. He would have, too, being that kind of a man." The captain fell silent as he lived over again the scene.

"I've never had school privileges," he said after a while. "But I've had plenty of time to think, during

turns at the wheel day and night. Now, do you believe the Bible?" "It is a marvelous book, and a human book," I said, not anxious for an argument.

"I'll allow all that, and add one to it—it's the *most* wonderful book and the *most* human book, but I don't believe it when it says the world was made in six days, and is only five or six thousand years old. Go out to Niagara Falls. There is evidence where the Falls cut back the rock that the world is twenty-five or six thousand years old. I don't want any preacher to tell me to believe all that's in the Bible. And as for denominations—we ought not to have any. Think of it—more than two hundred sects coming from between two bindings! But I suppose preachers have to say a good many things from the pulpit they don't believe.

"Yes, I go to church when I'm home regularly. I help support the minister. We've got to have 'em both. No one wants to live in towns where there are no churches; but I'd just as soon have less preaching and more religion."

I rose to go. "Just think over that explanation of mine about conscience," drawled the captain, giving me a friendly handshake. "I'm right. And look here, the next time we get caught off shore in a breeze of wind, don't you think of us as doing any praying. We'll be using the sense and the knowledge and the arms and hands the Almighty gave us, and be doing the best we can to get ship and cargo safe to port. Good-by. Perhaps you can go a cruise with us, some day. We'll show you then which gets results, faith or works."

Our Prayers Together

Conducted by A. Gertrude Earle

Saturday, June 28

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives surely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Henry Van Dyke.

Our Father, we desire to possess that "wealth of thought and richer wealth of love" that "pass for coin in any realm above." But how shall these things be ours except as we live near to Thee? We pray for grace to abide in Thy presence. *Amen.*

Sunday, June 29

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity,
At night, will return.

Thomas Carlyle.

O Father, I pray Thee to give me Thy life in such abundance that I may this day hold my soul in Thy pure light. Give me Thy power, that I may become a power for righteousness among my fellows.

From "A Book of Prayers for Students."

Monday, June 30

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

John Bunyan.

O God, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and whose dominion endureth from generation to generation, abase our pride and shatter our complacency. Open our eyes to see the vanity of this world's riches and renown; make us to understand that there is no wealth but life, that living men are Thy glory and our life is the vision of Thee. Keep us from being beguiled by pleas of custom and expediency, and hold us securely in Thy way of righteousness.

From "Prayers for the City of God."

Tuesday, July 1

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

O God, the Father, good beyond all that is good, fair beyond all that is fair, do Thou make up the dissensions which divide us from each other, and bring us into a unity of love.

From the "Liturgy of St. Dionysius."

Wednesday, July 2

In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world. *John* 16 : 33.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Thursday, July 3

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

George Herbert.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, by whose Providence the duties of men are variously ordered, grant to us all such a spirit that we may labor heartily to do

our work in our several stations, serving one Master and looking for one reward. Teach us to put to good account whatever talents Thou hast lent to us, and enable us to redeem our time by patience and zeal; through Jesus Christ Thy Son. *Amen.*

Bishop Westcott.

Friday, July 4

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Can not for less be told.

George Herbert.

Give us, O Lord, a mind after Thine own heart, that we may delight to do Thy will. Give us courage and resolution to do our duty, and a heart to be spent in Thy service.

In the Name of Thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

John Tillotson.

Not Peace but a Sword

Edward A. Lewis

THE "war" now going on within the Churches is not a sign of decadence to be deplored, but a mark of advancement to be applauded. The activity of the critical quality in the mind of the clergy is unimpeachable proof of the presence of the spirit. The sword-play of serious-minded truth-seekers is a symptom of virility and health. A condition of silence, supineness, and somnolence is difficult to distinguish from death and tends in that direction.

In the matter of sectarianism there has been too much that savors of pusillanimity. The public has a right to know why the Churches are not united. If we are all alike we should be ashamed of our separate denominations and labor for their abolition. If we are not alike, we owe it to ourselves and to the public honestly to admit and plainly publish our differences. We must stand by our colors and demand that other denominations do the same.

The word which Jesus would stress with regard to the Churches is not "unity" but "honesty." He did not come to compel conformity and crush out controversy. Quite the contrary. During the war there were many who quoted the words of Jesus, "Not peace but a sword," as proof of his sanction of physical combat, which of course is not at all the meaning of these words. Now, however, when there arises some suggestion of a spiritual struggle, to which these words do apply, the passage is forgotten. We would do well to read again in the light of the present Church conditions these words of Jesus:

"Think not that I came to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother." (Matt. 10 : 34, 35.) "I came to cast fire upon the earth; and how would I that it were already kindled." (Luke 12 : 49.) "Think ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division." (Luke 12 : 51.)

I know that there are those who are impatient with the disagreements of churchmen and who have no sympathy with the doctrinal disputes of the divines. They are distressed at the sight of a divided Church and say:

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all the old world needs."

But these people seem unconscious of the fact that this statement itself is a creed, and one which is entirely incompatible with the basic doctrines of Orthodox Christianity.

The creed back of this verse by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is the creed of humanitarianism. It is expressed by the Unitarians as "salvation by character." In the Universalist profession of faith it is set forth as follows: "Believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practise good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men." But where is it to be found in the creeds of Orthodoxy? Yet people who hold this view of religion are just the ones who say: "I don't belong to any Church, but I attend them all; they are all working for the same end."

Such inconsistency or ignorance is most exasperating to the liberal minister who believes his Church has a distinctive mission. But who is to be blamed? For two decades or more Orthodox and Liberal ministers alike, in many sections of the country, have been acting as if they were ashamed of their theology or else did not have any. But the creeds did not change. By implication they have suggested that sects are unChristian, but they have been unwilling to merge into one organic body. It is not to be wondered at that laymen are confused in their religious thinking.

It is now high time to awake out of sleep. Our duty is to confess our shortcomings in the past and set ourselves now to the task of correcting the false impressions that theology is unimportant and Christian sects require an apology.

It is true that theology should not be considered an end in itself but only as a means to the end of an abundant life. But this is no reason why it should be disregarded. A fire-bucket is not an end in itself but only a means to the end of an extinguished fire; but if my house is in flames it is a matter of considerable importance whether that bucket will hold water. Though I do not believe the soul of any man is in danger of literal flames, I do believe that a theology that will hold water is essential to his complete salvation. The eye must be unconfused if the body is to be filled with light. The mind must be free from error and superstition before we can attain perfect "harmony with God."

Sectarianism needs no apology. The Roman Catholics point the finger of derision at our divisions. But shall we be deluded? Conformity is not the mark

of divinity. Unity is no indication of truth. Sheep will follow in one united flock even though they are being led to the slaughter. The reason why Protestant Christians do not all think alike is because they are permitted to use their own brains (in some measure) and each one has an opportunity to strike his own pace in the pilgrimage towards truth.

During the last twenty-five years there seems to have been a growing sentiment towards unity and acquiescence (*alias* toleration). It is true that our denominations should co-operate more closely in the execution of common tasks, but federation and not organic unity is the proper way to accomplish this end. Unity demands acquiescence and conformity (until the distant day when truth shall have been fully comprehended and accepted by all), and these are no true Christian virtues. As a correspondent said in a recent issue of the *Christian Century*, "We need more, certainly, of brotherly love and forbearance in all things, . . . but the love of Christ is not a love that is willing to compromise on truth."

We have a commission from none less than Jesus to "judge for ourselves what is right," and we are but following his own example when we speak out boldly the unorthodox convictions of our minds. Our first duty is to be true to the light which has been revealed to us. If this course brings us friends and glory, well and good. If it brings us hardship, and a cross, let us prove ourselves worthy of our leader.

I am not interested in rewriting our statement of faith in such a way as to make it acceptable to the Orthodox. I am in favor of rewriting it in terms which will make it as plain as a pikestaff that Universalism and Orthodoxy are absolutely distinct and incompatible. We accept reason and experience as our guides in the search for truth. Religion for us is a means of making this a better world. These two brief sentences suffice. We need not dogmatize about immortality, God, Jesus, etc. Our distinction lies in our fundamental attitude toward religion and life.

How Our Workers Took It in Japan

The Blackmer Home, Tokyo,
April 16, 1924.

My dear Mr. Etz:

One of the last things that Dr. Ayres said to me before he left Tokyo was to write often to the people at home. As I realized how faithfully he had kept you in touch with all the work on this side ever since he came to Japan, I knew full well that I could do but little in comparison. That little, however, I hope to do.

My last letter to you being an earnest request for a new building, let me first thank you and all the other good friends for your generous response to our request. The building is not quite completed, but we can use the kindergarten room and it is beautiful.

We are now in the midst of repairing the Home. Dr. Ayres said that you are anxious to get the estimate. For interior repairs it will be something over two thousand yen. We feel that we ought to paint the outside now as there are repairs which will require a scaffolding and the roof should be covered with coal tar to save it. The painting of the outside will require about 1,400 yen more and I do not yet know how much the carpenter's bill will be for the various and sundry little places that ought to be repaired now. We have taken from another fund 3,000 yen for the Home. That will not cover all by considerable. I dislike to take any more, as we shall need some to carry on our work at Iidamachi. I propose to lend enough of my own money to finish the work and then ask you to pay me later. I think I can easily wait a year or two until you have had time to raise the amount, which can not be a very large sum I think.

It is lonely without Dr. and Mrs. Ayres. They have worked faithfully. For the sake of the new building and other work in the future I wish they might have stayed on. They are very skilful in planning and executing the work and when we come to build the Boys' Home and the new church I am sure they would be most excellent, but for their own future, the possibility of a parish best suited to them, one where they will be happy after the strain here, and for the future of their son and daughter, I am sure it is best for them to return. I do not know Mr. Cary, personally, but do know that Mrs. Cary is very talented and very consecrated. I am sure they will do well. I bespeak for them the same loyal support of the friends in America that you have given Dr. Ayres.

I had planned to sail early in September, but think now that I will wait until the Carys arrive and perhaps I may be of a little assistance to them at first. All of the other workers are new on the field and there may be a few questions that I can help them solve.

A goodly number of church members, Bible class young men, Mrs. Ayres' pupils and other friends met in Tokyo station to see the Ayreses off. Those good-bys are even more difficult here than in America, especially when one returns for good. There is so little hope of ever meeting our Japanese friends again.

More especially now. It is impossible for me to express how heavy my heart is at the action taken by the United States Government toward Japanese immigration. It seems to me that I can not bear it. Ever since the question was agitated in California I have assured our friends here that the heart of America is true, that they could trust the East, my own East. I never could have believed that the people of that section could have taken so narrow a view. How can we teach Christianity here when Christian nations show so little of the spirit of brotherhood! Said a leading statesman only a day or two ago, "If this action is taken I can no longer believe in the Christian God." I should think that every Christian Japanese would feel the same. They know how earnestly Christian people at home have labored to promote a right spirit and they believe that their prayers have not been answered.

We are in the midst of the cherry season, but with our home all upset with repairs, school commenced and no place for the girls, so much anxiety over the

situation between Japan and the United States, preparation for return and all mixed in together, I fear I am neither able to write nor to work, much less to enjoy the beauty around me.

Easter Sunday.

I laid your letter on my desk to sweep up plaster, clean windows, wash floors and pay bills, and the days have slipped by. I am not sorry, because I can include a few words about our Easter.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. While the single cherry blossoms have nearly all fallen, the fresh green of other trees interfused with a few of the double variety of cherry tree made lovely pictures everywhere. There was a good Sunday school and Bible class before service, Mrs. Rowe led music, Mr. Kawabata preached an earnest sermon urging the Japanese people to have the true Easter spirit in their hearts. One young man was baptized and another received with him into the church. This was followed by communion. At the close of the service Mr. Yasumura, Tei's father, rose and urged the church as a body of Christian people to send a petition to America begging the Government not to pass the Immigration bill. When the question was put before the people there was difference of opinion. One man said it was not time yet, we could only wait and pray. Another said it would do more good if we missionaries would send such a petition. Mr. Kawabata said he felt that it was a political question and *must come out right,* and he could hardly keep back the tears. I would give worlds to transmit to our friends in America the sympathetic looks, the warm handclasps that our church members gave us this morning. One prominent man said "Never mind" to me when I was trying to keep back the tears. It seemed to me that in their sympathy for our suffering they forgot their own disappointment and thought only of us. I have always believed in a careful management of the immigration question, but to me it should be based on an educational standard and not a race. After my winter in the University of Chicago in 1919 where I heard speeches from fiery young Russians, I felt that our country is in far more danger from their influence, the opinion which they are inspiring, than it ever can be from the law-abiding Japanese.

Whither are we drifting since the war? Have we lost our mooring and have we been swept out into the open sea? Sometimes it seems to me that we none of us are the same. I am sure that since the terrible anxiety of the earthquake days, I have not been quite normal, and I am tempted to ask, why has this trouble also come upon us?

I can not be a Universalist and not believe in the final outcome of good, but I shudder at all that intervenes between.

I know that you will all work and pray for a right understanding.

Yours sincerely,
M. Agnes Hathaway.

The Biography of a Missionary Pioneer*

"EXPECT great things from God; attempt great things for God"—this is all that the average man remembers about William Carey, the great missionary to India in the first part of the nineteenth century. There have been lives of William Carey but they have been speedily forgotten. Now comes the life of William Carey by S. Pearce Carey, M. A., a book which will not be soon forgotten, but which will be a standard text book in schools, colleges and mission study classes.

It has taken Mr. Carey ten years to write the book, and not the least interesting thing is the preface, in which he tells about his sources and shows how unexpectedly the most important documents turn up after a century. For example: "I found documents undreamed of lying forgotten in a cupboard of the parish of College Street, Northampton, which gave me the whole Association background of Carey's deathless sermon." In India where he spent two years he found eighteen thick folios of kept minutes and correspondence relating to Carey's service as a professor in Fort William College. "The librarian told me they had a little before been tempted to destroy these folios."

The book is interesting as a story of the development of a man and also as illustrating out of what small things great enterprises come. The Baptist Missionary Society which sent Carey out to India was not organized by the leading Baptists of England resident in the large towns, but by a group of men almost unknown, living in poor, struggling little country churches. "The Deathless Sermon" was preached at Nottingham in 1792 at a meeting of the Northampton Association of Ministers, and it was the most remote place to which this association had ever come. It meant a horseback ride of sixty or seventy miles for some of the delegates. Seventeen ministers were present. The sermon was preached in a little Baptist chapel. An entire chapter of the book is given to it and it is a most fascinating story.

"Yet what was said and done that week in the humble meeting-house has had profounder issues for God and men than even the French Revolution, and is acclaimed by the discerning as the glory of Nottingham. 'The foolishness of God is wiser than men.'"

It seemed impossible for Carey's wife to go out with him when he started, as she had just given birth to a child, and when she did get to India the hardships of the experience deprived her of her reason and finally of her life. The book is full of this inevitable conflict between what Carey considered the call of God and his duty to those near and dear to him.

The book is a history of the times and of the places where Carey labored, as well as a narration of the things he actually did.

We get an idea of the vastness of India and the intricacy of the problems of that continent, the solution of which no man can predict.

Part I consists of "Carey's Thirty-Two English

*"William Carey, the Biography of the Great Missionary Pioneer," by S. Pearce Carey. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

Years," and Part II of "Carey's Forty Indian Years."

The author uses many short sentences and writes with vividness and strength. It is a carefully built up piece of biography and holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end. It is of as much importance to Churches not engaged in missionary work in India as it is to those which are wrestling with the difficulties of that vast continent. Carey's interest in gardening, his many labors to insure self-support, are vividly described. It is one of the missionary biographies which in our opinion will live.

* * *

A LOYAL WORKER

THE following letter from a loyal worker was written after seeing the letter on the *Leader* cover for June 7:

Board of Foreign Missions,
Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary:

Enclosed please find check for — dollars to help send the new missionaries to Japan. I think the Universalist Church should be proud of the fact that they are sending such a family to represent them in Japan.

Sincerely yours,

——— ———.

May not others be moved the same way?

* * *

ONE THING MR. NASH MIGHT DO

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I believe that Mr. Arthur Nash would be making the best possible use of his surplus wealth, for the good of the largest number, if he would devote it to the revision of the Old Testament.

The idea of God inhering in the Old Testament is not the idea of God taught by Jesus. Nor is the idea of the Jewish Messiah, a national figure, legitimately to be identified with the idea of the Christ, our spiritual Teacher, and Exemplar. The Jehovistic Theism and Christian Theism are antipodal. The endeavor to weld them produced a monstrosity. The psychology of the Old Testament, basic in dogma and doctrine, is the source of the corruptions of historical Christianity.

Jehovah, the false conception of God, man-like, all his attributes human, should not be represented in Christian pulpits (or any others) and in our Sunday schools as the Christian God. The character described in the Garden of Eden allegory is too puerile in mental caliber to be considered a God. Surely, in the light of that story, Jesus could not be his "only begotten son," for he already had "sons" (Gen. 6 : 2) according to the author of Genesis. By the author of that book he is represented as falsely stating to Adam, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." But Adam ate, and lived nine hundred and thirty years afterward. The Devil is Jehovah's consort and agent in all the system of religion that claims the Garden of Eden character as God, indispensable to it, from the time of the claimed creation by design to the times prophesied in the Apocalypse of John. This Jehovah sent bears to devour little children because they heckled one of his followers. He is the sponsor of war, of polygamy, of slavery, shown by the record as unmoral, cruel, vengeful, unlovely and unloving. As "Jehovah-shalom" he is not the God of Peace; as "Jehovah-tsidkeny" he is not the God of righteousness. He is the sponsor of "total depravity" and "endless hell."

In the Old Testament are fact, stories and biographies unfit for pure-minded children to read, unfit to be read in our public schools and Sunday schools. The historical record and the Levitical Code are padded with immoral hints. It is not necessary as an element of Christian teaching to pander with the licentious life of the Israelites. A Christian textbook, for home reading and use of church and Sunday school, should be pure and clean in every word.

Until the Old Testament is cleansed of its falsities and impurities, useless theological controversies will continue, and the cause of Christianity will languish.

Willis W. Gleason.

* * *

OF THE SAME OPINION STILL

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Please allow me to congratulate you upon the open forum policy of the *Leader*.

Dr. Sweetser, from the fundamentalist angle of vision, has acquitted himself nobly.

But we are "of the same opinion still," and even more so, if possible, by reason of certain comparisons and deductions made by virtue of a closer study of the subject, which possibly would have escaped our attention had his able apology of traditionalism not appeared.

With the fundamentalists the idea seems to prevail that those who have accepted the later conceptions could, for the sake of harmony, abandon their convictions, for the plain and sufficient reason that no one has yet been able to explain the origin of human life, and that the birth of Christ is, therefore, the more mysterious and inexplicable.

We may or may not desire to investigate both sides of the question involved, but when we have done so, our conclusions are wholly involuntary and inevitable.

"Away here in Texas," the *Leader* and all other liberal publications are burned in effigy, so to speak, but "time brings up truth," and we are glad to know that "the word of God is not bound."

Very gratefully yours,

A. M. Shelton.

Timpson, Texas.

* * *

THE BREAD OF LIFE

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

"If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?"—*Luke* 11 : 11.

In our smug belief in universal salvation we, as a denomination, are giving a stone when the bread of life ought to be broken and multiplied and passed to the hungry.

I have recently sat through four weeks of typical Dark Age exposition of Scripture with charts jeering and glaring at me on all sides of the wall and on the preacher's platform—one chart picture showing a man blindfolded just about to step "his last step" into hell—and heard impassioned pleas night after night for fallen humanity to embrace the water plan of salvation.

Did this preacher-evangelist feed his lambs? He

did not. He gave, instead of the bread of life, a stone, and nearly three-score tried—out of despair and soul hunger—to eat and be satisfied.

Universalists, believers in a God of Love, believers in a religion of hope, of final harmony of all souls with God, when will you carry the bread of life to sorrowing, sickening, dying souls?

We have ministers in the Universalist Church who preach eugenics, harp on Roger Babson statistics and decry any attempt at stirring the impulse of heart-hunger in souls trying to gather nourishment in revival or evangelistic effort.

Why can not we see, as a Church, the need for evangelistic preaching, of soul-feeding services?

"Having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof," we are apt, as a Church, to forget almost the last injunctions of Jesus: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me . . . feed my lambs!"

Oh, believers in a religion of hope, let us up and about the Father's business, helping to redeem the times because the days are evil.

Wm. D. Harrington.

* * *

CHEERING US ON

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Your paper is a credit to the society and to you. Both my son and I have read more in it than in any similar paper.

Sincerely,

X. X. X.

* * *

ANOTHER VIEW

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

All people have a right to their views on public matters. We are glad that the *Leader* gives us all a hearing.

As to the "Soldiers' Compensation Act" (not *bonus*), we were rather surprised to see so completely one-sided a view of the matter taken editorially.

The American Legion have fought for the compensation act and they have won. Whatever exalted ideas we may have as to patriotism being above financial matters, we must admit that a grateful government should make some restitution to those who lost so much. We respect President Coolidge for his courage to stand by his convictions. May we not also respect others, as Congressmen and Senators, who stood by theirs in the passing of the bill over the President's veto?

Senator Fess of Ohio received thousands of telegrams from a certain element even threatening him if he dared vote for the passing of the bill. He replied in a letter in the Ohio papers. In this letter, he plainly stated that the Wall Street influence was against the bill from the start, and that this influence had already nearly made honest business in this country impossible. The *American Legion Weekly* for many weeks was printing correspondence of the "money" power trying to get the Legionnaires to go against the bill and showing that wherever it could be done there would be a financing of the work.

Many of us fail to see just why there is any disgrace to these ex-service people if they are given some financial restitution of the loss of time and money that they endured, to say nothing of the general demoralization by the effects of war. Anyhow, there are a good many who feel that the large majority of the law making body of the United States are worthy respect for their opinions and that such men as the two Senators from Ohio undoubtedly understand their position and the justice of the measure.

Most sincerely,

W. R. Rowland.

Blanchester, Ohio.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Brass Factory

I spake unto a man whom I know, saying, What is thine Occupation, and wherewithal dost thou earn thy Bread?

And he said, I live by Extrusion.

And I said, There be many men who live by Intrusion, and I spend much of my time with them; but Extrusion is a New One on me.

And he said, Come with me, and I will show thee how it is done.

And he showed me how the Copper and the Zinc and the Lead are cast into a Furnace, and how the Scrap Brass from the Lathes must first pass over Magnets to pull out all Iron and Steel, and how the Brass is cast in Round or Square Ingots according as they list.

And so we came to the Extrusion.

For they take the Ingots and heat them so that they are nigh unto melting but do not melt, and put them into a Press, and squeeze them out through Dies. And the Dies are cut in Steel in many Patterns, as for Rods, or Cruciform Stock for the Handles or Bathroom Faucets, and Thresholds of various patterns, and Handrails for Stairs. And in that Factory they do not Cast Moulten Products nor work in Sheet Metal, but they Extrude.

And he said, All about thee, in Offices, and on Automobiles, and in Railway Cars, are Extruded things of Brass. And it is a Very Interesting and Highly Valuable Process. And we make no Finished Products, but sell Extruded Metal in various Kinds of things.

And I watched the Presses that Extruded the Hot Brass, and the men who caught it with Tongs and drew it out upon Very Long Tables, and conveyed it to where they Cut it Up and Straightened it, and gave it an Acid Bath and washed it in Hot Water, and rinsed it from an Hose, and burnished it with Sawdust and Stuff tumbled over and over in machines, and I learned the Whole Business.

And I thought as I looked upon the process, of what I had heard of the Expulsive Power of Faith and Love that Driveth men into new adventures and high achievements. And I considered how, in the process of this Extrusion, they are driven through Dies of Various Cuttings, and their lives are shaped in forms that they wot not of and only partly understand while they are in the Furnace and in the Process of Shaping. For the Lord hath his Processes of Extrusion, and they have their Value in Human Experience.

* * *

CO-OPERATION

A Manchester business man paid a visit to a planter friend in Uganda, who was a keen sportsman. Not without considerable misgiving the visitor allowed himself to be prevailed upon to go lion-hunting.

His first night in the jungle was a sleepless one. Next morning the two friends started out early, and had gone but a short distance when they came upon fresh tracks which the enthusiastic sportsman identified as being those of a full-grown lion.

"Tell you what we had better do," said the Manchester man, brightly. "You go ahead and see where he went, and I'll go back and see where he came from!"—*The Continent.*

Home and Children

TO HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE

Alexander Cairns

Sweet sailor of poetic seas,
  Still plowing furrows through the foam,
And bringing golden argosies
  To cheer the storm-bound souls at home—
With eighty summers at your side,
Why not drift idly with the tide?

By love's unerring compass led,
  You've sailed serene life's tumbling main;
The starvelings of the soul you've fed,
  And flotsam lives brought home again;
And still your light shines full and free
Far o'er the shadows of the sea.

How oft you've hailed with cheery shout,
  From the high crow's nest of your soul,
The drifting derelicts of doubt,
  And saved them from the billows' roll!
And still upon the deck you stand,
With mercy's life line in your hand.

Sail on to some enchanted town,
  Where white-plumed ditties dash along,
And let your golden anchor down
  Within the harbor of a song;
And bring us through your sunset years,
The ebb-tide music of the spheres.

Newark, N. J.

* * *

FUCHSIA LADIES

Rose Brooks

MARGARET HOLLAND stood at the window of Mother's sunshiny sewing-room, her nose pressed against the cool window-pane, her gray eyes filled with tears. "I wish I knew something to do," she said as mournfully as if her eyes looked out on the grayest of cheerless days, instead of on the sunniest day in the world.

"Doesn't Arabella need an airing?" suggested Mother, looking at the smiling doll perched precariously on the window-seat.

"Arabella's clothes are all torn. I wish I had some new ones for her. I'd like to play with her, then."

"Perhaps Arabella wouldn't mind wearing her old clothes if you tucked her in her carriage under her robe."

"No," said Margaret, disconsolately. "I don't want to wheel her in her carriage. One wheel squeaks."

Mother suppressed a smile and gravely offered the machine oil-can. "Squeaks aren't insurmountable. One drop of oil will stop your squeak, I'm sure."

"No," said Margaret. "I don't like a green doll-carriage, anyway. If I had a white one, like Esther's, I'd wheel Arabella all day."

Mother dropped the conversation and began to stitch busily on the machine, humming as she worked. Was she singing made-up words to the tune—something about "the right side of bed," and "the wrong side of bed?" The machine whirred up and down the long seams so unceasingly, Margaret couldn't be sure.

"Mother," began Margaret again, when once more the machine was silent, "what can I do?" Before Mother could possibly answer, she went on, with no trace of interest in her voice, "There's that new girl who lives next door."

"Her name is Ruth," said Mother. "I heard her mother calling her yesterday. She looks like a happy little girl to me," and Mother came to the window to look out at the little new neighbor.

"What is she doing?" asked Margaret, listlessly, as Ruth skipped down the garden path and began to nip off fuchsia blossoms. "She's just picking off flowers without any stems. I don't think it's nice to pick off flowers just to throw away."

"Perhaps she isn't going to throw them away," said Mother. "Go out in our garden and you can see her through the fence," and Mother gave a relieved sigh as Margaret went downstairs, for well she knew that two little girls, if left to themselves, would soon be playing together.

Margaret wandered shyly down one of her own garden paths, pretending to smell the flowers. Ruth, on her side of the fence, her back to Margaret, went busily on picking off fuchsia blossoms. Step by slow step Margaret reached the fence.

Ruth turned quickly, her hands heaped with gay fuchsias. "I didn't hear you at all! My mother let's me pick them if I don't take too many. I'm picking twenty-four—then they can march two by two and be quite a long procession. And I'm getting as many different colors as I can 'cause I like ladies in my parties to wear their gayest dresses, don't you?"

Margaret looked as uncomprehending as she felt. "Is there going to be a real party at your house?" she asked. "Is every lady going to have a fuchsia to match her dress?"

Ruth laughed gaily. "Didn't you ever play fuchsia ladies?" she asked in astonishment, "and have parties and processions and weddings with them? Can't you climb the fence? It isn't high. I'll show you how to put in their arms. Have you a pin? We need a pin to fix their arms, I forgot one."

"I'll get one," and a minute later a happy, eager little Margaret raced upstairs to the sewing-room. "I want two pins!" she demanded breathlessly. "And Ruth's the nicest little girl! And we're going to play fuchsia ladies!"

"Do fuchsia ladies have to ride in white carriages, or are they contented with green?" asked Mother, pleasantly, but Margaret was gone.

"Let's take them to the walk in front of the house," said Ruth. "You take half. We'll put in their arms and make them walk and dance."

Sitting in the warm sunshine with her gay fuchsias spread before her, Ruth explained: "Just pull out the long stamens, and then they'll stand up straight, right on their fluffy petticoats. You have to pretend they have feet."

"Course," agreed Margaret. "But you said they had arms."

"Give me a pin and I'll show you." And Ruth stuck a pin through the little green seed-pod and carefully inserted in the hole a little green stem which she selected from a near-by bush. "There, now she

can stand up, and there are her arms. Fuchsia ladies haven't any faces, but it's easy enough to pretend faces."

"Course," agreed Margaret again, and was at once absorbed in pulling out stamens and in sticking tiny stems through pinholes.

"Aren't they sweet?" said Ruth, when the twenty-four gay little flower dolls with their dainty petticoats and petaled overskirts, and pretended faces, stood before her. "Aren't they the sweetest you ever saw? Now let's march them to the party."

Two by two, the fuchsia ladies formed in line, rose-color marching with cream-color, purple marching with white. "Now they've 'rrived at the party," announced Ruth. "If you just bend their arms a little, they can dance together," and soon the wall was dotted with wee dancing partners.

"You never played fuchsia ladies before?" said Ruth, incredulously, in answer to a happy question from Margaret. "Why, I've played fuchsia ladies ever since I was small." Ruth was eight.

"Don't you think they're tired, maybe, and want something to eat? Let's get cups and saucers for them and give them rose-leaf tea and geranium cake." And Ruth led the way over the lawn to the back yard where stood an old oak tree.

"Are your dishes out here?" asked Margaret, in surprise. "My doll dishes are all broken. If I had some cunning doll dishes, I'd play with them all day."

"Mine got broken, too," admitted Ruth, "but now I have a kind that don't get broken, and you just throw them away when you're through playing, and get more next time," and under the old oak she began to pick up acorns and drop them into her pocket. Presently, as Margaret didn't help, Ruth stopped and asked in amazement, "Didn't you ever play tea-party 'cept with real dishes?" and back they went to the waiting fuchsia ladies.

"A girl needs a knife as much as a boy," said Ruth, taking one out of her pocket. "Isn't that a cunning saucer?" as she pried a smooth acorn out of its little rough sheath. "You make some, if you want to, while I get the tea and cake ready." And Ruth stooped under the nearest rosebush for fallen petals.

"Ready?" she asked, coming back with petals and a few leaves of fragrant rose-geranium. "Rose tea is d'licious," she went on gravely, lining each brown acorn cup with a rosy petal, "and rose-geranium cake —well, fuchsia ladies are very fond of it," and a wee green sprig was laid daintily on each rough little acorn saucer.

"Margaret!" called Mother from the open window of the sewing-room. "Time for luncheon!"

"Luncheon!" said Margaret, blankly, to Ruth. "Why, luncheon's not till twelve, and it was only nine when I came out!"

"Some days don't last long," said Ruth. "We aren't half through. Can you come out again after luncheon?"

A rosy, happy-eyed, talkative little girl sat opposite Mother at the luncheon table. "Course their arms stick out pretty straight," she chattered. "And they haven't any hair, like Arabella, and you have to pretend their faces. Their dresses are the cunningest, and they look like real little ladies, and you could really drink out of acorn cups—just a drop of something, you could."

"And it doesn't matter if their dresses get torn?"

"Why, no, Mother," answered Margaret. "If one gets torn or broken, all you have to do is go and pick another!"

"And brown cups and saucers are just as pretty as though they were pink?"

"Why, Mother, there aren't any pink acorns!"

"I was just thinking," said Mother pleasantly, "that this isn't the first day that fuchsias have bloomed. And there's more than one oak tree in the world."

"Ruth showed me how to play with them," Margaret defended herself. "She made it up."

"But Margaret has two eyes as good as Ruth's. When you get tired of fuchsia ladies and their tea-parties and the other games Ruth has invented, it might bring you happiness to remember there are endless other things—everywhere—just waiting patiently to be seen."

"There are?"

"There are."

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* * *

THE THINGS OF CAESAR

"Yes, indeed," agreed the young man apologetically, "I know the cause is very fine, and my wife and I would love to contribute to it—largely. But you know how it is these days; everything is going up—living expenses, taxes, even the books and magazines. We've got to call a halt and cut down somewhere."

"So you are going to cut down on church and charities?" said the visitor quietly. "Going to do what you consider to be your duty as an honest citizen, Bob, by rendering unto Caesar 'the things that are Caesar's?' But what about the other half of the quotation? What are you going to do about that—'and to God the things that are God's?' "

The young man smiled rather shamefacedly.

"Well, you see, Mr. Nairn," he said, "Caesar has a way of insisting on his payments; you know that. What's more, he names the sum he wants, with very little regard to the question whether you can afford to pay."

"But you go on buying Caesar's things."

"Yes, I suppose we do."

"Couldn't you go without?"

Bob Brooks hesitated for a minute; then he gave another half-embarrassed little laugh.

"I suppose we could, some of them," he said. "Only people don't; they say, 'Isn't this terrible?' Then they groan and pay for it."

"And could you really afford to go without the things that the church and charities stand for? I am putting it on the lowest plane, of course, but even on that plane could you afford to let those things go out of your community and out of your own personal life? Of course, I came to you to-day about some people in Europe, but the men who came to you about the Church Fresh Air Fund said that you made just the same excuse. It is all the same in the end; it simmers down to the same question, Who is going to be the preferred creditor in your affairs, Caesar or God?

"And while you're thinking that over, Bob, let me add a sort of postscript thought: Suppose a man has two creditors. One of them puts him on his honor as to how much he shall pay, and when. The other keeps sending round his collectors *and his salesmen* (notice that, Bob) every few days.

"It might be easy, but would you call it either chivalrous or sportsmanlike to say, 'Oh, well, since that first man isn't bothering me, I'll just cut out his payments altogether'?"—*Youth's Companion.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

ROXBURY, MASS., WINS

Reports of the Mission Study Reading Contest, as published in the January Bulletin, indicate that Roxbury, Mass., heads the list with 109 people in the contest, winning 1,084 points. Little Falls, N. Y., 220 points, St. Paul's, Chicago, Ill., 220 points, and Woodfords, Me., 112.

A copy of each, "The Land of Saddle Bags" and "Foreign Magic," have been awarded to Roxbury.

Mrs. Cary has prepared another list for a Reading Contest. May there be a greater interest evidenced in this contest.

All books listed must be read between dates given to be credited on contest. Select your chairman now and be ready to begin July 1.

Book List for Contest—July 1-Oct. 1

	Points
China's Challenge to Christianity, by Prof. Lucius C. Porter	3
Ming Kwong, City of Morning Light, by Mary Ninde Gamewell	3
Foreign Magic, by Jean Carter Cochran	3
The Heart with the Open Door, by Mary Labaree Platt	3
New Life Currents in China, by Mary Ninde Gamewell	3
China's Real Revolution, by Paul Hutchinson	3
Young China, by Mabel Gardner Kirschner	3
Torchbearers in China, by Basil Matthews and E. A. Southon	3
The Honorable Crimson Tree, by Anita B. Ferris	3
Chinese Lanterns, by Minna McEuen Meyer	3
The Book of a Chinese Baby, by Mary Erntwistle	3
My Chinese Days, by Guilielma Alsop. (Novel founded on personal reminiscence.)	2
China To-day through Chinese Eyes, published by Geo. H. Doran Co.	2
Charm of the Middle Kingdom, published by Marsh	2
China Yesterday and To-day, by E. T. Williams	2
China and Her Peoples, by L. E. Johnston	2
China's Story, by Wm. Elliott Griffis	2
Outline of History, by Wells, Chap. on Marco Polo	2
Letters from China and Japan, by John and Alice Chapman Dewey	2
The Changing Chinese, by E. A. Ross	2
Religion of the Chinese, by De Groot	2
The Spread of Christianity, by Hutchinson	2
Bells of the Blue Pagoda, by Jean Carter Cochran (fiction)	2
Chinese Nights' Entertainments, by Brown	2
Mook, by Sites	3
Asia at the Cross roads, by Powell	3
Creative Forces in Japan, by Fisher	3
The Woman and the Leaven in Japan, by De Forest	3
Japan on the Upward Trail, by Axling	3
The Honorable Japanese Fan, by Applegarth	3
Leaves from a Japanese Calendar	3
The Spell of Japan, by Isabel Anderson	2
The Hope of Japan, by Wm. E. Griffis (envelope series, A. B. C. F. M., 14 Beacon St., Boston)	2
Evolution of the Japanese People, by Wm. E. Griffis	2
What Shall I Think of Japan, by Geo. Gleason	2
What Japan Thinks, by K. K. Kawakami	2
Japan and the California Question, by Iynago and Sato, G. P. Putnam's Sons	2
The Faith of Japan, by Harada	2
Working Women of Japan, by Sidney Gulick	2
Japan, by Frank Brinkley (in Encyclopedia Britannica)	2
Evolution of the Japanese, by Sidney Gulick	2
Japan at First Hand, by Joseph I. C. Clarke	2
Christian Movement in Japan, Korea and Formosa, Com. of Reference and Council, 25 Madison Ave., N. Y., chap. 17, 1919; chap. 19, 21, 1921; chap. 19, 1922.	2
Any other reliable book on China or Japan published within the last five years	2
Any copy of *Missionary Review of the World, Everyland,* or *Asia*	1
Cruising around a Changing World, by van Schaick	4
From Dream to Reality, by Osborn	4
Save America	3
Report of Washington Convention (Woman's Law Enforcement)	2

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Sunday School at Ferry Beach. Dr. McCollester and Miss Randall will be the teachers. Mr. Hempel will be the superintendent. Everybody else will be eager to learn. We expect most of the State of Maine at Ferry Beach on Sunday, July 6. The Sunday school session will be in the afternoon. That's the day when Dr. Lowe will preach in the morning and Miss Kirk will speak in the afternoon.

* *

AT SHIZUOKA

Some Interesting Members of Mr. Terasawa's Flock. May They Grow Up as Friends of America. Let's Help.

A CARD OF INVITATION

The Publishing House has a new invitation card which is beautiful and artistic. A section of a church interior is shown in delicate colors and with it is the following:

"Dear Friend:

"It would give us pleasure to welcome you as a visitor to . . . school if you are not already a member of another school. The session begins at . . . o'clock. When you come please ask for . . . Very cordially yours, ..."

These effective cards are sold at fifteen cents per dozen and one dollar and a quarter per hundred.

* *

REMEMBER THE INSTITUTES

Let us get the emphasis of repetition in regard to the institute dates. Here they are:

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 20-30.
Ferry Beach, Maine, July 6-12.
Galesburg, Ill. (Lombard), July 21-25.
Murray Grove, N. J., Aug. 4-8.
Barre, Vt. (Goddard), August 31-September 5.

The teachers are preparing to do their best work and they are our best people. All that remains is for our workers to show their appreciation by attendance and attention.

For detailed information write to the General Sunday School Association.

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

THEOLOGS AT PLAY

A certain prominent man in the denomination, having heard that all the theologs to-day were pacifists, socialists, and atheists, asked me how far the reports were true. I assured him that among the theological students of my acquaintance several were pacifists, one or two socialists, and one possibly an atheist. He agreed with me that theological students had every right to be both pacifists and socialists if they saw fit, but he could not see how an atheist could plan on entering the ministry. I was equally puzzled, and we let the matter rest there, but his queries had started me thinking about the outlook of theologs to-day. Since I talked with him I have taken particular pains to watch my fellow students, and when I happened to be on a brief camping trip with two of them I found their views interesting enough to note down.

One of them was a thick-set, stocky lad who had majored in the classics and philosophy in college and had had an inconspicuous athletic career. The other, much slimmer, had been active in class politics, and had gained considerable prominence in college journalism and dramatics. Both were in my class in college, and we had just finished our first year in theological school. Our exams over, we had gone to a New Hampshire lake for a short vacation.

We were paddling slowly through the smooth water of a deep cove when I started the conversation by asking what right the Churches had to take a stand on social problems. The slender one, paddling in the bow, turned around slowly and asserted that they had no right. As a Unitarian he was most familiar with the A. U. A., and he took that as an example, holding up to derision the harangues on this, that, and the other problem which occupied their annual meetings and took time which should have been spent in considering the basic problems of the Church. He denied that the Church had any business dealing with these matters, and asserted that the present weakness of the Protestant Churches was a result of their everlasting concern with social issues.

After a lengthy digression anent Japanese exclusion, we got back to the subject at hand, and I took up the cudgels. I insisted that the Church always had concerned itself with problems of conduct, and that individual conduct could not be separated from social conduct. I tried to point out that fundamental Christian principles had certain consequences, and that it was as much the duty of the Church to point out social consequences as individual consequences. When he tried to say that if the Church got the individual started right the other problems would take care of themselves, I agreed, but I asserted that the only way the Church could get the individual oriented was to give him concrete advice on concrete matters.

There followed an attempt on the part of all three of us to straighten out the difference between social service and social problems. We all thought that the Church had little business doing work that other agencies could handle better, although we did not question the necessity of entering upon fields of social service when the need was great. My contribution was to attempt to show that, while social service was largely outside the Church's range, social problems were well within that range, since what was done was nothing more than the historic procedure of suggesting paths for the individual to follow.

We remained at a dead-lock, however, as is not uncommon in such arguments. The Unitarian had remarked in passing that he thought there were too many sermons preached anyway, whether about social problems or not. It was his opinion that we needed to have more opportunity in the churches for worship. We asked him what he meant, and he began to expound his ideas. In the first place, he thought it would be well to have a brief service early Sunday morning so that people could come without breaking up the day. He would have a simple ritual, modeled after the Episcopal service, would have the congregation kneel during prayers, would have reading from the Bible with possibly brief exposition. Later would come the regular service, which would be more liturgical than is now customary, but would include a sermon. This sermon would deal with problems of common life and might sometimes take the form of exposition of Bible passages. The music of the service would be the best possible. The church building should be such as to appeal to the senses, and its beauties might be enhanced by effective lighting.

Of course we protested a little, objecting that he was introducing too much of the theater, and warning him of the danger of making the church a place of amusement. He took our caviling in good part, for he saw that we were in sympathy with his central theme, the need of enriching our churches, of supplanting the barrenness of our Puritan tradition with an ennobling beauty.

The other lad would not let us dwell long on this topic, however, for he had a thesis of his own which he wished to set forth. We had mentioned the decline of the Churches, and had sought its cause in various modern phenomena. He proposed the idea that the decadence of religious interest was largely due to the changing concept of God. It was his opinion that most ministers and a good many laymen were questioning old teachings. Science seemed to make God unnecessary; philosophy showed the impossibility of having a personal God; the problem of evil made it incredible that God was both omnipotent and good. The old idea was going, and there was nothing to take its place.

We knew a good deal of what he was going to say next, for he had expressed his ideas on the subject before. He had had an interesting history. The son of a Presbyterian minister, he was leaning toward the Episcopal Church, not because its formulas satisfied but because its symbols appealed to him. Unable to pray directly to God because his concept of God made prayer of that kind ridiculous, he found in the various collects of the prayer-book expressions of his highest aspirations. All this we knew, though we could not fully understand his attitude.

He went on to make clear that his own concept of God was no more adequate than anybody's else, but he insisted that the first thing was to think through the problem of God, and asserted that until we had a theology as strong and as appealing for our age as the theology of Aquinas was for the Middle Ages we would get nowhere. He thought the esthetic approach of the Unitarian foolish and futile, since it made no attempt to reach the root of the matter, the nature of God. The Unitarian defended himself, good-naturedly deriding the efforts of the theologians. When we had the experience of God, when we could reach God through worship, why should we stupidly seek that which was beyond the reach of our petty minds? In the light of philosophy his statements were laughable, but I was inclined to attribute to them no little validity.

So we talked on until a great eagle flew overhead and our attention was distracted. Then we debated about the notes of the various thrushes until it was time to paddle back against a strong north wind. In our little symposium three points of view had been represented, the social emphasis, the liturgical emphasis, and the theological emphasis had all been included. These and many other cross currents disturb the calm of theological education to-day.

For the Quiet Hour

It is a true instinct when men are led to regard the beauty of the world that comes to them through the eye, and the moral light which shines from behind upon the soul, as coming from one center, and leading upward to the thought of one Being who is above both. In this way all visible beauty becomes a hint and a foreshadowing of something more than itself.

J. C. Shairp

Among Our Churches

Massachusetts Letter

The sessions of the Massachusetts Convention recently held in Attleboro have already gone into history. The reports have been filed. The business which was properly authorized has been apportioned to committees or laid out for the consideration of the Executive Committee of the state. Much that was done there, much that was said there, will gradually fade from our thoughts. There are some things connected with the meetings, however, which will abide. One of these is the manner in which the Convention was handled and entertained. The needs of the visitors were fully cared for, their wants even were anticipated, and a great bulk of hospitality was thrown in for full measure. In such an atmosphere and under such conditions a Convention that could not be inspired to noble undertakings would be unappreciative indeed. The meetings were cumulative in interest and in power. Before the gathering one of our enthusiastic ministers, wishing to stir his parishioners to full attendance, spoke of the banquet on Thursday evening as the "crowning" event of the week. We are not so sure that his prevision was incorrect. The Convention grew in interest, in intensity and power right up to the closing hour. There were present on Thursday 143 delegates, including forty-four ministers. The total contributions of the churches of the state for our work the past year were $5,854.19. Forty-seven churches gave $3,016.13 to the support of Japan. Eighty-two ministers contributed to the fund for Ministerial Relief. * * Among the plans for the new year arranged for at Attleboro, will be the summer services through July and August at the old church in Oxford, and at Dr. Roblin's new church near the Fenway in Boston. Last year the Clara Barton Birthplace was opened, Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Pennoyer residing there through the heated season, while Mr. Pennoyer was the preacher at the church. The Birthplace remained open from that time. Mrs. J. Harry Holden has been the mistress at the shrine all through the winter and spring. She will keep the place open for visitors and a few paying guests this summer. We trust that our people from over the state and out of the state when motoring will visit the Birthplace. It is at North Oxford, seven miles south of Worcester, near Bartlett's Mills. Then remember that on each Sunday the oldest church building in our Zion will throw open its doors in welcome to the visitors who wish to worship there. The list of preachers at Oxford is not yet completed, but we can announce that among them will be Rev. Frank L. Masseck of Santa Paula, Cal., Rev. C. H. Pennoyer, Director of Social Welfare, Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary of our General Convention, and Rev. Harry L. Canfield of our mission force in North Carolina. Last season Victor A. Friend, national president of the Comrades, gave to the Oxford church a piano. This instrument will be a blessing again this year. On Sunday, June 1, Mr. Friend made a pilgrimage with a large group of young people from his church in Melrose to the Birthplace, and, after a visit at the old house and to the grave of Clara Barton, the young people held a service at the church. On the same day the Massachusetts Y. P. C. U., after conducting services in All Souls Church, Worcester, went down to Oxford for the same purpose as the company from Melrose. * * The church of the Second Society in Boston is not nearly completed, but the beautiful chapel at the rear will be ready, we expect, for services in July. Dr. Coons will open the series of summer services. Dr. Lowe will preach on July 27, and Dr. Huntley on Aug. 17; we expect, too, to have Mr. Etz on July 20. The entire list for the season will be announced very soon. * * Early in June of each year a Donation and Visitation Day is held at the Doolittle Home in Foxborough. That happy occasion fell upon June 3. The day was charming, the Home never looked more attractive, and about three hundred happy well-wishers were present to speed the splendid enterprise upon its way. So closely is Dr. Conklin linked with the Home and the Home with Dr. Conklin that we propose that his birthday be moved from whatsoever day it now happens to be to the official Visitation Day of the Doolittle Home. At any rate, each year upon that day Dr. Conklin seems to be born anew, and the Home is born anew, and we ought to celebrate the events together. At the services at the church on the third, there were three excellent addresses, given by Dr. W. S. Perkins of Wakefield, Dr. F. W. Perkins of Lynn and Dr. V. E. Tomlinson of Worcester. The offering in the afternoon amounted to $425.19. Since then additional gifts have come in to raise this to a little over $500. And this is not final; this is but the initial collection for the year. We know of a number of persons and churches that intend to send in gifts to swell this amount. The Doolittle Home is an almost ideal Home. It is more than an institution; its members are residents, not inmates; and the spirit of the place is the spirit of love. Roscoe Pierce, the treasurer, reported on Visitation Day that the Home now has funds totaling $34,000. Last year the income was above $5,000. * * We are pleased to report some new missionary work at North Dana. Here we have a beautiful little church. It has been closed for some time. But several weeks ago, Rev. Flora Bronis Sias, at the direction of the State Superintendent, went over to North Dana and called upon ten or twelve families of Universalists. As one result the church is opened and services have been conducted by Mrs. Sias for the past three Sundays. The method here followed is still the method of assured provision and growth for our Church. If each of our ministers who has within contiguous territory a church of our faith would take such a church group under his parochial care, he would be rendering one of the most useful services possible to our cause. Better than this, too, he would be helping a weaker church to grow strong. For many years, Dr. Robbins of Lawrence has had such a fostering care over Atkinson, N. H. Rev. John Ratcliff of Beverly is pastor also at Essex. In Annisquam is Rev. George Lewis, who looks after West Gloucester. Even if preaching services can not be held in the little church, a personal Christian care can be bestowed upon those who hold and are inspired by our faith. * * From Warren comes the word that Rev. O. I. Darling recently received seven new members, four of them young persons. Consecrated and faithful ministering always tells. Through the years Mr. Darling has kept on loyally at Warren, though the community, like Spencer, has greatly changed. Now bequests and gifts from some of those who have listened to Mr. Darling attest the shaping influence he has had upon their thought and lives. * * Down in Milford through June the minister, Rev. H. F. Fister, has been preaching upon books as follows: "Obeying the Law," Guest, June 1; "The Passion for Life," Hocking, June 8; "The Glass of Fashion," June 22; "The World War," Kirby Page, June 29. * * Malden celebrated its 275th anniversary on May 25. Ours is the First Parish in Malden, founded the year that the town was established. The parish was then Congregational, of course. It became Universalist by a vote of the majority of its members in 1828. It was fitting that our minister, Rev. C. J. Cowing, should preach the anniversary sermon upon this historic occasion. It is pleasing to know that we have the First Parish in several Massachusetts places. This is true in Stoughton. On June 12, the men of the Malden church served a man-made supper. Women were there in large numbers but they were guests; the men prepared and served the meal absolutely unaided. * * Our church in Lynn, as usual, unites with the Congregational and Unitarian churches near by during the summer season. The services this year will be held in the Congregational church. On

Sunday, June 15, the new organist, Malcolm W. Sears, began his services in the Lynn church. Special notice was properly taken of the act. Mr. Sears was really "recognized and installed." Why should this not be generally done? The organist and the choir are assistant ministers in religion. To acknowledge officially that fact will tend to exalt their work and to guide and inspire them to the best service. * * The new parish house of the Highland Avenue Church in Somerville is at the writing being enroofed. It is a splendid structure costing $30,000. Of this total amount between $27,000 and $28,000 has been pledged, and the first payments have been made. The building will be ready for use on Sept. 1. In this church on June 1 was held a beautiful memorial service for Rev. Harley Davidson Maxwell, for twenty-one years minister of the First Church. * * In Waltham our church takes its place in a Union Vacation Service scheme. All of the churches will be present at the Universalist church on Aug. 31. Twenty-seven new members were received into the Waltham church recently. * * Rev. Harold W. Haynes and Mrs. Haynes of the First Church in Lowell are rapidly winning a firm place in the regard and admiration of their people. On June 1 the Memorial Service for nine bodies of the Order of Odd Fellows were held in the First Church. Mr. Haynes gave the address. He was assisted by Rev. Isaac Smith of Grace Church. Children's Day was observed on June 8, when five little people were christened. A congregation of 200 was present. During the summer vacation an extensive job of repairing is to be begun. A new roof is to be put upon the building and this will lead to other improvements upon the interior. * * From the calendar of Mr. McIntire at Chelsea we cull these two mottoes which we would pass along to others: "Hell is sin with the pleasure gone and only the sting left." "A great optimist is my tea kettle, for, although up to its neck in hot water, it continues to sing."

Leroy W. Coons.

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Miss Martha Fischer, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. T. A. Fischer of New Haven, Conn., graduated with the class of 1924 at Bryn Mawr on June 5. Miss Fischer received the degree A. B. *magna cum laude.*

Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck, of Santa Paula, Cal., has completed five years on the coast, and is to visit the East this summer. Just before he started the trustees of the church adopted resolutions of appreciation of the work he has done in the church and community. Mr. and Mrs. Masseck are now in Chicago, and will be in Boston the first of July.

Rev. A. E. Allison, pastor of the Universalist church at Nunda, N. Y., and Mrs. Teresa K. Baylor were married on Monday, June 9, Rev. Clara Morgan of Hornell performing the ceremony.

Rev. and Mrs. U. S. Milburn of Everett sail from New York for Holland, June 21. They will spend the summer in Holland and the British Isles, visiting places associated with the Pilgrims, and remote rural sections in both countries. Mr. Milburn expects to get material for a new lecture on "The Pilgrims in England, Holland and America." They expect to return Sept. 11, the church being closed during their absence.

California

Los Angeles.—Rev. Ellwood C. Nash, D. D., pastor. Dr. Nash has quite fully recovered from his serious illness, and is preaching with much of his accustomed vigor. The church will be open every Sunday this summer.

Santa Paula.—Rev. F. L. Masseck, pastor. As the climax to a five years pastorate this parish has just completed the installation of an Estey pipe organ that cost $6,500. The organ is an electro-pneumatic of the latest type, containing twelve stops, 754 pipes and chime of twenty tubes. The console is detached, and equipped with new stop action, each stop, when in use, being illuminated by an electric bulb.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.—Rev. Charles Kramer, pastor. A splendid delegation of young people attended the State Y. P. C. U. Convention at Hartford. We are planning now with the aid and encouragement of the State Convention to send our young people to the various Summer Institutes. Officers elected for the ensuing year are: Mr. Wanna Thorndyke, president; Miss Mildred Smith, vice-president; Miss Olive Beers, secretary; Mr. Arthur Litchfield, treasurer; Mr. Warren Thayer, Executive Board member; Mr. Donald Kramer, chairman Publicity Committee. We have adopted the 5 per cent budget fur the General Convention and are striving to liquidate by the end of the present year the entire indebtedness now resting upon our real estate holdings. There is no indebtedness upon church or parsonage. Our church property because of its splendid location is steadily increasing in value.

Indiana

Oaklandon.—On Children's Day, June 8, 134 attended Sunday school. Four girls united with the church. An operetta, "The Posey Bed," was given in the evening, to a crowded house. The Ladies' Aid holds an all day meeting once a month.

Maine

Fairfield.—Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., pastor. On Children's Sunday a pageant, "A Little One Shall Lead Them," written by the pastor, was given by eighteen children. Fifteen children were baptized.

Massachusetts

Cambridge, First.—On April 12 the Mission Circle held a food sale, netting $77 for their treasury. In the evening of May 19 the annual Pop Concert was given in the vestry. There were choruses by the choir of young people, Sidney Stanton choirmaster and George Perry organist. The mandolin club, of young ladies from the Sunday school, gave selections. There were soprano, baritone and flute solos. A reader also contributed to the entertainment. Ice cream, cake and tonic were served. The May Party of the church school was given May 27. The regular meeting of the Social Aid on May 29 was guest night. An interesting entertainment was given and refreshments were served. June 4 the Ladies' Benevolent Society gave their annual strawberry supper and entertainment. Rev. Arthur Wilson, former pastor, acted as toastmaster. Rev. Frank Holmes of the neighboring Unitarian church, spoke. Dr. Eliot, former pastor of a near-by Methodist church, was another speaker. Mrs. Arthur Wilson and Mr. Herrick each sang several songs.

New Hampshire

Concord.—Rev. Harry F. Shook, pastor. Sixteen children were dedicated on Children's Day. On Friday evening, June 6, the Service Circle, King's Daughters, composed of young women, entertained twenty-one members of the parish seventy years old and over. The young ladies provided a good supper and had a short program following. Invitations were sent out to fifty or more aged people in the Concord parish, and automobiles were furnished to take these friends to the church and home again. Mr. Shook is delegate from the local Kiwanis Club to the International Convention in Denver, Col. The church closes during the months of July and August.

New York

Middletown.—Rev. George H. Welch, pastor. There were nine christenings and three new members were received on Children's Day, June 8. We had a splendid service with a full church. The Bible school turned out in full numbers, about eighty present with a good backing by the older members of the church. The suggestions of material and kind of program sent out by the G. S. S. A. were followed, including Bible stories selected and prepared by the pupils, each department being represented by one of their number. The Junior Y. P. C. U. had a prominent part in the program in the presentation of songs under the leadership of Mr. Goldsmith and Miss Higgs, who have developed a splendid Union within the past year.

Lockport.—Rev. Edward Ellis, pastor.

The church school observed Children's Day June 8. The floral decorations were beautiful and the memorial vase held a bunch of pink tulips in memory of E. J. Williams, superintendent of the school for many years. The pastor spoke to the children from Prov. 4 : 23, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." Three children were baptized and two united with the church. The children of the church school gave a program of songs and recitations.

Perry.—Rev. William J. Metz, pastor. At the annual meeting Thursday evening, May 29, the report of the Social Circle, given by the secretary, Mrs. Maude Davis, of the church school by the secretary, Miss Agnes Tomlinson, and the pastor, the pastor's report and the report of the church treasurer, Mrs. Edith Hill, all showed a healthy condition prevailing. Substantial balances were shown in the church school and church treasuries. The trustees at a previous meeting had agreed that hereafter no trustee should succeed himself or herself. So at the annual election Mr. C. G. Clarke, who for twenty-one consecutive years had been chairman of the Board, did not stand for re-election. Mr. Clarke has been a most devoted worker and the interests of the Universalist church have always been and always will be very close to his heart. As a formal recognition a rising vote of appreciation was given him. Mrs. Harry C. Smith was elected trustee for three years. Miss Tomlinson was re-elected clerk, and Mrs. Edith Hull was re-elected treasurer. Mrs. A. R. Watrous was elected assistant to the treasurer. On Sunday, June 1, our annual every-member canvass was held. At the supper served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Watrous the teams reported a gain of about 30 per cent over a year ago in the pledges made. The outstanding fact about the Perry church so far as finances are concerned is that the average subscription is close to $40 per year—surely a high average as church giving goes. On Wednesday, June 4, we entertained the Allegany-Steuben Association. Delegates were present from Whitesville, Nunda and Hornell. The ministers present from out of town were Rev. W. E. M. Todd, D. D., of Whitesville, Rev. Clara E. Morgan of Hornell, Rev. Ethel H. Knapp and Rev. A. E. Allison of Nunda. In the evening Rev. Dr. T. E. Potterton of Brooklyn gave a stirring and soul-inspiring address on "The Fundamentals of Religion."

Rhode Island

Harrisville.—Rev. Arthur M. Soule, pastor. Children's Day was observed June 8. Our pastor christened six children, five of them from one family, ranging in age from two to fourteen years. The subject for the sermon was "Arrows—How Do You Use Them?" In connection with the regular service the Sunday school and congregation gave a program of songs and recitations.

Vermont

Rutland.—Rev. A. J. Torsleff, pastor. St. Paul's Men's Club was organized in January, 1924. It meets on the second Thursday of each month, with supper at 6.30. The Ladies' Aid of the church acts as caterer, at a stated sum per plate. Following supper comes business meeting and "community songs." Speakers and entertainers—Rev. George Perry of Chester, Vt., during whose pastorate the lot was purchased, and the church erected; Dr. Powers, local physician, in sleight-of-hand; Rev. Walter Thorpe, Congregational pastor from Brandon, "Chalk-Talk" (cartoons), "What's in a Face;" Rev. Mr. McIntyre, Congregational pastor in Danby, "The Tragedy and Humor of Laughter," and the last night (June 12) before vacation, a talk by a local business man, "Our Flag as a Symbol of American History and Citizenship." Beside the regular meetings the club presented an old fashioned "Town Meeting" in March. There were no rehearsals, selected members were assigned their parts and left to work them up. The finest thing of all was an illustrated talk by Walter Granger (Rutland boy), paleontologist from Museum of Natural History, New York City, on his four years in the Gobi Desert, China, excavating for fossils.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1924

Previously reported	1,686
Middletown, N. Y.	3
Lockport, N. Y.	2
Methuen, Mass.	3
Oaklandon, Ind.	4
New Haven, Conn.	6
Everett, Mass.	2
Roxbury, Mass.	1
Total	1,707

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 211. Middletown, N. Y., 9. Lockport, N. Y., 3. Stoughton, Mass., 13. Orange, Mass., 28. Harrisville, R. I., 6. Monson, Mass., 10. Concord, N. H., 16. Waltham, Mass., 6. Methuen, Mass., 4. Portsmouth, N. H., 6. Lowell, Mass., First, 5. Philadelphia, Pa., Restoration, 3. Boston, Grove Hall, 1. Springfield, O., 1. New Haven, Conn., 11. Everett, Mass., 4. Nashua, N. H., 7. Southold, N. Y., 4. Roxbury, Mass., 14. Total, 362.

* *

MIRABEAU FRESH AIR CAMP, LYNNFIELD CENTER, MASS.

Started in 1910 with thirteen little girls, our Camp, located on Pine Hill, Lynnfield Center, with a beautiful outlook toward the mountains in western Massachusetts and Southern New Hampshire, will open the first Wednesday in July.

It is wholly a charitable institution. We entertain little girls (twenty to twenty-five each week) from Lynn and vicinity. They are assured plenty of fresh air, because they play out of doors all the time, sleep in screened-in shacks and eat on the camp piazza. Usually between the ages of four and eleven, the little girls average a surprising gain in weight.

In 1922, 222 girls were entertained on $901.92.

In 1923, we had $955.75, and cared for 249 girls, with a deficit.

Our camp mother and a supervisor are the only ones paid. The other helpers give their time. Mr. Marble donates the use of the camp and surrounding woodland. Many Lynn people furnish transportation free.

Donations vary from a single tooth-brush to $100. Money, food and supplies of all kinds are needed and always welcome. Practically every woman's club in Lynn has given during the past years, as well as many other clubs and organizations. Our greatest need is for volunteer helpers at camp.

The camp treasurer, Philip E. Bessom, at the Sagamore Trust Co., in the Item Building, Lynn, Mass., will be glad to receive and acknowledge any donation.

Camp opens July 2, 1924.

Frank E. Marble,
333 *Union St., Lynn, Mass.*
Tel. 1052.

* *

MURRAY GROVE PRINTING

The officers of the Murray Grove Association have found a good printer. The posters and leaflets by which they advertise their program for 1924 show admirable workmanship and are certain to be effective. Moreover, the Association has something worth advertising. It announces institutes in charge of the Women's Missionary Association, the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union, a Festival of Christ Crusade Sermons under the direction of Rev. Dr. John Smith Lowe, many special meetings, a fair, a birthday party, and innumerable excursions to the beauty spots of New Jersey.

* *

FAREWELL TO THE CARYS

On Sunday evening, June 15, a farewell service to Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Cary was held in the First Universalist Church at Charlestown, Mass. Rev. Fred A. Moore read the scripture lesson and delivered the prayer. Rev. Hazel Kirk spoke briefly as one recently from the field, and advised the new missionaries not to attempt to Americanize Japan but to make Christians of the Japanese. Mr. Etz reminded the congregation that it was pnrticularly fitting that this farewell service to the Carys should be held in the Charlestown church, as it was from there that Dr. Keirn had set forth many yenrs ago. Mr. Etz also read a telegram from the clerk of the New Haven parish pledging their support to the new missionaries. Dr. Coons gave a brief address, touching upon

the difficulties Mr. and Mrs. Cary would have to face on account of the anti-American feeling aroused in Japan by the recent passage of the Immigration Bill. Mr. and Mrs. Cary both spoke briefly in reply.

Notices

FERRY BEACH PARK ASSOCIATION

Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Ferry Beach Park Association will be held on Thursday afternoon, July 10, 1924, at 2 o'clock, in the parlor of the Quillen House.

Elmer D. Colcord, Secretary.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

June 20-26. Ohio State Convention and Auxiliaries, Columbus.

June 23-26. Vermont and Province of Quebec, State Conventions and Auxiliaries, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

June 20-29. Southern Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

July 6-12. General Sunday School Association Convention and Institutes, Ferry Beach, Me.

July 12-20. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Ferry Beach, Me.

Sept. 22-24. Maine State Convention and Auxiliaries, Gardiner.

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. E. V. Stevens was transferred to the Massachusetts Universalist Convention April 25, 1924. Letter of acceptance received May 26, 1924.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR

Each year a Fair is held at Murray Grove for the benefit of the Association, and articles for sale or cash are solicited.

The Universalists of our land all know Murray Grove, the Mecca of our Faith and the place we dearly love.

Again your offering we would ask,
And hope 'twill seem no heavy task.
We ask in time because you see
The month of August soon will be
Right here, and none of us must fail
To send our offerings by mail

To Miss Ida E. Smith, 825 Monroe Avenue, Scranton, Pa., before Aug. 1. After that to "Murray Grove House," Forked River, New Jersey.

Money made at the "Fair" goes for the upkeep of Murray Grove House.

* *

FERRY BEACHERS! NOTICE!

Will all Ferry Beachers who sing or play bring music and instruments to assist in programs. Please get in touch with me as soon as registered.

Elsie W. Poole, Music Director.

* *

DELOS THOMPSON HOME

The annual all-day meeting at the Delos H. Thompson Home, Waldron, Ind., will be held June 29, 1924. Rev. Arthur McDavitt, pastor of St. John's Universalist Church, Muncie, will preach in the morning and the Mid-West Superintendent, Rev. Luther Riley Robinson, in the afternoon.

Every Indiana church should send its pastor and a good delegation.

P. M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

CLARA BARTON BIRTHPLACE

The Clara Barton Memorial Committee is glad to announce that the Birthplace will be open to a limited number of paying guests, after the fifteenth of June. If you desire to be one of the fortunate ones to share the beauty and quiet of the lovely spot up on the hill, write Mrs. Grace L. Holden at the Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass., for date and terms.

There is also an opportunity for a group of young women to "camp out" for the summer in a few rooms attached to the house and yet distinct, at a reasonable rental.

Obituary

Henry L. Rice

In the passing to eternal life of Henry L. Rice on May 18 the city of Fitchburg, Mass., loses one of its oldest and most respected citizens and the Universalist church one of its oldest and most loyal members.

Mr. Rice was born in Schoharie, N. Y., April 21, 1838, and when a young child his father moved to Alstead, N. H., where he spent his boyhood and where he married, May 8, 1861, Sophia L. Watts, who survives him.

During the Civil War he served the Government at the Springfield armory. In 1868 he came to Fitchburg, where he became a loyal defender and supporter of all good works, being particularly interested in city government and the cause of temperance. He was a member of the common council of 1874, '75 and '76. He was twice candidate for mayor but was defeated each time.

From its organization in 1877 until 1908, Mr. Rice was a director and vice-president of the Fitchburg Co-operative Bank. He was a successful business man and was for twenty-five years connected with the Simonds Manufacturing Co.

He was one of the oldest members of the Universalist church, believing thoroughly in the need, work and place of that church and finding it a great joy to live out its interpretation of Christian truth. He was chairman of the standing committee at a time when the church was considering a change in its location. At this time Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., was called to become minister, coming from divinity school, and Mr. Rice, believing in the earnestness and ability of the young man, gave him every support, which resulted in the erection of the present edifice in 1888. For many years Mr. Rice served as deacon of the church and as treasurer of the society. His loyalty to the church and the cause for which it stands was manifest upon every occasion and ever was that loyalty backed by untiring service and generous support. He was for many years in his later life, an invalid, yet his interest in the progress and welfare of his church and city was keen and sincere to the last.

Mr. Rice is survived by his wife, a son, Edward H., a daughter, Mrs. Florence S. Ross, wife of Dr. Thomas K. Ross; two grandchildren, Mildred and Albert Ross, and a brother, Willard H. Rice, of Waltham, Mass. The funeral was held May 20, at his home, the services being conducted by Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

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The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $7.00 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Crackling

An East Side pantsmaker who has become quite a figure in the movie-producing world was recently selecting a chief for his scenario staff. The producer insisted that the successful applicant must be a college graduate. He looked with favor upon one applicant and asked if he had had a college education. He received an affirmative reply.

"Show your diploma," demanded the producer. The applicant tried to explain that it was not customary for college graduates to carry diplomas around with them.

"Well, then," demanded the producer, with just a slight sneer, "say me a big woid."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

* *

"The finest sight in the world to-day," says the Utica *Observer-Dispatch*, "is the mile after mile of cozy, warm-lighted houses." It is a fine sight, though we object to the ranking system in fine sights. It is a fine sight to the motorist, driving along on a chilly evening. The lights go up in the houses that line the road, and he says, "Ah, these homes of happy people!" And somebody about to draw the shades in one of the houses looks out at the speeding motorist and says yearningly, "Pretty soft to be able to dash around in the country anywhere you like."—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

* *

The judge adjusted his spectacles.

"In this charge against Mrs. Bunnuphy, of sticking a hatpin in Mrs. Busybeigh's eye, the case is dismissed."

Mrs. Busybeigh turned red with rage.

"But, continued the court, "for the future protection of Mrs. Busybeigh, the court orders that Mrs. Bunnuphy plug up her key-hole."—*Richmond Times Dispatch.*

* *

A corn sirup manufacturing company received the following letter: "Dear Sirs—I have ate three cans of your corn sirup and it has not helped my corns one bit."—*Farm and Home (Vancouver, B. C.).*

* *

"Why did Ikey invite only married people to his wedding?"

"Well, in that way he figured that all the presents would be clear profit."—*Record.*

* *

Motives are usually mixed, and we note that numerous congregations are preparing to send their preachers away for a rest. —*Minneapolis Star.*

* *

He: "Dearest, will you marry me?"

She: "John, I can't marry you, but I shall always respect your good taste."—*Witt.*

* *

Just to make it interesting we dare either party to put in a bobbed-hair plank.—*Associated Editors.*

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Universalist Publishing House announces for publication in the autumn

Rediscovered Countries

by

Frank Durward Adams

The chapters of this book are as follows: The Rediscovery of the Bible, The Rediscovery of Jesus, The Rediscovery of Jesus' Method, The Rediscovery of God, The Rediscovery of Hell, The Rediscovery of Forgiveness, The Rediscovery of the Atonement, The Rediscovery of An Ancient Concept, The Rediscovery of Heaven, The Rediscovery of Eternity.

Dr. Frank Adams, long at Elgin, Ill., is now minister of the Church of Our Father at Detroit, Mich. He is State Chaplain of the American Legion of Illinois and was a captain in the National Army during the War. He takes a commanding place to-day as a leader in peace and reconstruction.

Seeing Straight in the Sunday School

The Observations of Uncle Hezekiah

By George Ezra Huntley

In Uncle Hezekiah Harbinger, Dr. Huntley has created a new and wholly delightful character whose shrewd pithy counsels will bring hope and inspiration to Sunday school workers everywhere. Originally published in the Sunday School Helper.

I want to express to you my very great appreciation of your "Seeing Straight." In sentiment, form and language, it is a fine addition to our Sunday school literature. More power to you! Keep right on!—*Rev. R. J. Mooney, D. D., President Maine Universalist Sunday School Association.*

These are remarkable sketches, vivid, apt to the hour, inspiring to the workers in our schools. It was hard to part with the good man when he "finished his course." We feel assured that his dear old soul will go "marching on" in the memories of many a busy worker.—*Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., Editor Sunday School Helper.*

In "The Uncle Hezekiah Stories," Dr. George E. Huntley has made a most unique, interesting and practical contribution to the literature of Religious Education. He has brought to bear his own broad experience and wide observation, combined with a novel method of presentation. Officers and teachers will read with interest and profit.—*Robert C. Parker, Chairman Northfield Conference on Religious Education.*

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